

T H E. B R U C E;
O R,
THE HISTORY OF ROBERT I.
KING OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN SCOTISH VERSE
BY JOHN BARBOUR.

THE FIRST GENUINE EDITION,
PUBLISHED FROM A MS. DATED 1489;
WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY
BY J. P I N K E R T O N.

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B

VOL.

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E VIII.

Vol. II.

B

ARGUMENT.

Thilk, and the twa followand bukes, contein the conquest of hale Scotland be King ROBERT.—DOWGLAS disconfits MOUBRAY.—The Kyng agayn defeits Schir AYMER at Loudoun hill—and ganging North, levis DOUGLAS to win the suth of Scotland.—Dedis of DOUGLAS.—Taking of Lanark castel.

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T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E VIII.

THE KING, fra Schyr AYMER wis gane,
 Gadryt hys menye euirilkane;
 And left bath wodds and muntanys,
 And held hys way strak till the planys.
 For he wald fayne that end war maid 5
 Off that, that he begunnyn haid:
 And he wyft weill he mycht not bring
 It to gud end, bot trawailling.
 To *Kyle* went he fryft; and that land
 He maid all till hym obeyсанд: 10
 The men maist force come till hys pefs.
 Syne eftirwart, or he wald sefs,
 Off *Conyngayne* the maist party
 He gert hold till hys senyowry.

In *Boithweill* then Schyr AYMER was, 15
 That in hys hart gret angre has
 For thaim off *Cunnyngame* and *Kyle*,
 That war obeyсанд till hym quhile,

Ver. 1. May, 1307.

Ver. 15. Bothwell castle on the Clyde, Lanarkshire.

Left *Inglis* mennys fewté:

Tharoff fayne wengyt wald he be.

20

And send PHILIP the MOWBRAY,

With a thousand, as Ik herd say,

Off men, that war in hys leding,

To *Kyle*, for to werray the KING.

Bot JAMES off DOWGLAS, all that tid,

25

Had spyis owt on ilka fid,

Wyft off thair cummyng; and that thai

Wald hald doune *Makyrnochs way*.

He tuk with hym, all priuely,

Thaim that war off hys company,

30

That war fourty, forowtyn ma.

Syne till a strait place gan he ga,

That is in *Makyrnochs way*,

The *Nethir-ford* it hat perfay.

It lyis betwix marraifs twa;

35

Quhar that na hors on lyve may ga.

On the south halff, quhar JAMES was,

Is ane upgang, a narow pafs:

And on the north halff is the way

Sa ill, as it appers to day.

40

DOWGLAS, with thaim he wyth hym had,

Enbuschyt hym, and then abad.

He mycht weill fer se thair cummyng:

Bot thai mycht se off hym nathing:

Thai baid in buschment all the nycht.

45

And quhen the sone wis schynand brycht,

Thai

Thai saw in batailling cum arayit,
 The waward, with baner displayit:
 And syne sone the remanand
 Thai saw, weill ner behind cummand. 50
 Than held thai thaim still, and priuy,
 Till the formast off that mengye
 War entryt in the ford, thaim by.
 Than schot thai on thaim with a cry;
 And with wapnys, that scharply schar, 55
 Sum in the ford thai bakwart bar:
 And sum, with armys barblyt braid,
 Sa gret martyrdome on thaim has maid,
 That thai gan draw to woyd the place.
 Bot byhind thaim sa stoppyt was 60
 The way, that thai fast mycht not fle;
 And that gert mony off thaim de.
 For thai on na wyfs mycht away
 Bot as thai come, but giff that thai
 Wald throw thair fayis hald thair gate: 65
 Bot that way thought thaim all to hat.
 Thair fayis met thaim sa sturdyly,
 And cuntenyt the fycht sa hardely,
 That thai sa dredand war, that thai
 That fyrst mycht fle, fyrst fled away. 70
 And the rerward saw thaim swa
 Discumfyt, and thair wayis ga;
 Thai fled on fer, and held thair way.
 Bot Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 That with the formast ridand was, 75
 That entryt wis in the place,

Quhen that he saw how he was stad,
 Throw the gret worschip that he had,
 With spurs he strak the steid off pryce;
 And, magre all hys ennymys, 80
 Throw the thikkeft off thaim he raid.
 And but challance eschapyt had;
 Ne war a knyght hym by the brand:
 Bot the gud steid, that wald not stand,
 Lansyt furth deliuerly. 85
 Bot the tothyr sa stalwartly
 Held the belt that braist off the brand,
 And fuerd and belt left in hys hand.
 And he bot fuerd hys wayis raid,
 Weill otowth thaim: and thar abaid, 90
 And beheld how that hys mengye fled,
 And how hys fayis clengyt the steid,
 That war betwix hym and hys men.
 Tharfor furth the wayis tuk he then
 To *Kylmarnok*, and *Kilwynnyne*, 95
 And till *Ardrossane* estre syne.
 Syne throw the *Largs*, hym allane,
 Till *Ennyrkyp* the way has tane,
 Rycht to the castell, that wis then
 Stuffyt all with *Inglis men*; 100
 That hym resaffyt in daynté.
 And fra thai wyft how gat that he
 Sa fer had rydin, hym allane,
 Throw thaim that war hys fayis ilkane,
 Thai prysyt hym full gretumly, 105
 And lovyt fast hys chewalry.

Schyr

Schyr PHILIP thus eschapyt was.
 And DOWGLAS, that wis in the place,
 Quhar he sexty has slayne, and ma;
 The layff foully thair gate gan ga, 110
 And fled to *Bothweille* hame agayne.
 Quhar Schyr AYMER wis na thing fayne,
 Quhen he herd tell on that maner
 That hys mengye discomfyt wer.

Bot quhen the King ROBERT was tauld 115
 How that the DOWGLAS, that wis bauld,
 Wencussyt fa fele with few mengye,
 Rycht joyfull in hys hart wes he.
 And all hys mengye cumfortyt war:
 For thaim thocht weill, bath les and mar, 120
 That thai suld less thair fayis dreid,
 Sen thair purpofs fa with thaim yeid.

The KING lay in *Galfstoun*,
 That is rycht ewyn anent *Lowdown*;
 And till hys pes tuk the cuntré. 125
 Quhen Schyr AYMER, and hys menye,
 Hard how he rayayt the land,
 And how that nane durst hym withstand;
 He wis intill hys hart angry,
 And with ane off hys cumpany 130
 He send hym word, and said, giff he
 Durst hym into the plannys se,

Ver. 123. *Galfstoun* and *Loudon* are in the north-east part
 of *Air-shire*.

He fuld, the tent day of May,
 Cum under *Lowdoun hill* away.
 And giff that he wald meyt hym thar, 135
 He said hys worschip fuld be mar,
 And mar be turnyt in nobill ay,
 To wyne hym in the playne away,
 With hard dints, and ewyn fechting,
 Than to do fer mar with skulking. 140

The KING, that hard hys messengyr,
 Had dispyt apon gret maner,
 That Schyr AYMER spak sa heyly:
 Tharfor he ansueryt irusly;
 And to the messengyr said he, 145
 ' Say to thy Lord, giff that I be
 ' In lyff, he fall me se that day
 ' Weyle ner ; giff he dar hald the way
 ' That he has said for sekyrly.
 ' Be *Lowdoun hill* mete hym fall I.' 150

The messengyr, bot mar abaid,
 Till hys maister the wayis raid :
 And hys ansuer hym tauld alswyth.
 Quharoff he was bath glaid and blyth.
 For he thocht, throw hys mekill mycht, 155
 Giff the KING durst cum to fycht,
 That throw the gret chewalry,
 That fuld be in hys cumpany,
 He fuld swa ourcum the KING,
 That thar fuld be na recowering. 160
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And the KING, on the tothyr party,
 That was all wyfs and awerty,
 Raid for to se, and cheifs the place,
 And saw the hey-gate liand was
 Apon a fayr feild, ewyn and dry; 165
 Bot apon aythir sid tharby
 Wes a gret mofs, mekill and braid,
 Bot fra the way wes, quhar men raid,
 A bow-draucht weille on ayther sid.
 And that place thocht hym all so wid 170
 Till abyd men, that horfyt war.
 Tharfor three dykys our thuort he fchar,
 Fra baith the moffes to the way:
 That war fa fer fra oythir, that thai
 War yiwyn a bow-draucht and mar. 175
 Sa how and hey the dykys war,
 That men mycht not, bot mekill payn,
 Pafs thaim, thouch nane war thaim agayn.
 Bot sloppys in the way left he,
 Sa large, and off sic quantité, 180
 That fyve hunder mycht samyn rid
 In at the sloppys, sid be sid.
 Thar thought he bataill for to bid,
 And bargayne thaim; for he na dreid
 Had that thai suld ony sid affaille; 185
 Na yeit behind giff thaim bataille.
 And befor thocht hym weill that he
 Suld fra thair mycht defendyt be.

Ver. 172. *Dykes* are ditches. In Scotland that name is
 now improperly given to walls.

Thre

Thre dep dykys he gert thar ma;
 For giff he durst not weill ourta
 To mete that the fyrst, that he
 Suld haiff the tothyr on hys powsté;
 Be than the thrid, giff it war swa
 That thai had passyt the tothyr twa.

190

On this wyfs hym ordanys he.
 And syne assemblyt hys mengye,
 That war SAX HUNDER fechtand men,
 Bot rangale, that was with hym then,
 That war as feile as thai, or ma.
 With all that mengye gan he ga
 The ewyn, or that the bataill fuld be,
 Till *litill Lowdown*, quhar that he
 Wald abyd to se thair cummyng.
 Syne with the men off hys leding
 He thocht to sped hym swa, that he
 Suld at the dyke befor thaim be.

195

200

205

Schyr AYMER, on the tothyr party,
 Gadryt swa gret chewalry,
 That he mycht be THREE THOUSAND ner,
 Armyt and dycht on gud maner.

210

Ver. 198. This term *rangale* Barbour uses, in one or two other passages, for that usefless rabble which attends an army. Gawin Douglas spells it *rangald*.

Ver. 207. That Bruce defeated Sir Aymer de Vallange, earl of Pembroke, at Loudon-hill, appears from the English historians Matthew of Westminster, and Trivet. See *Annals*, ii. 20.

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Than, as a man of gret noblay,
 He held towart hys trift hys way,
 Quhen the fet day cummyn was;
 He sped hym fast towart the place
 That he nemyt for to fycht. 215
 The sun wis ryfflyn schinand brycht,
 That schawyt on the schelds brade.
 In twa eschels ordanyt he had
 The folk, that he had in leding.
 The KING, weill sone in the morning, 220
 Saw fyrst cummand thair fyrst eschele,
 Arrayit sarrally, and weill.
 And at thair bak, sum deill ner hand,
 He saw the tothyr followand.
 Thair bassynetts burnyft all brycht 225
 Agayn the son glemand off lycht:
 Thair spers, pennonys, and thair schelds,
 Off lycht enlumynyt all the felds:
 Thair best and browdyn wes brycht baner,
 And horfs hewyt on ser maner; 230
 And cot armours off ser colowrs,
 And hawbreks, that war quhyt as flours,

Maid

Ver. 218. An *eschel* is a division of an army, arranged in some particular manner; but its form I cannot find.

Ver. 225. This description has considerable merit. Barbour, as appears from several passages, was far from being insensible of the

Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war.

Ver. 232. The hauberk was a coat of mail, made with interwoven rings, so as to ply to the body and motions.

It

Maid thaim glitrand, as thai war lyk
To angelys hey off hewynys ryk.

The KING said, ' Lords, now ye fe 235
' How yon men, throw thair gret powesté,
' Wald, and thai mycht fullfill thair will,
' Sla us, and makys sembland thartill.
' And fen we knaw thair felny,
' Ga we mete thaim sa hardily, 240
' That the stowtest off thair mengye,
' Off owr meting abaysit be.
' For giff the formaft egrely
' Be met, ye fall see sedanly
' The hindmaist fall abaysit be. 245
' And thouch that thai be mar than we,
' That suld abays us litill thing.
' For quhen we cum to the fechting,
' Thar may mete us na mar than we.
' Tharfor, lordings, ilk ane suld be 250
' Off us worthy off gret walour,
' For to maynetayne her our honour.
' Think quhat gladship us abyds,
' Giff that we may, as weill betyds,
' Haiff wictour off owr fayis her. 255
' For thar is nane then, fer na ner,
' In all thys land that us char doute.'
Then said thai all, that stud aboute,

It was not unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and continued in use, it is believed, as long as any mail.

" Schyr,

"Schyr, gyff God will, we fall sa do,
 "That na reprov fall fall tharto." 260

'Now ga we furth then!' said the KING,
 'Quhar he, that maid off nocht all thing,
 'Lede us, and saiff us, for hys mycht,
 'And help us for till hald owr rycht!'

- With that thai held thair way in hy, 265
 Weill sex hunder in cumpany,
 Stalwart and stout, worthy and wycht;
 Bot thai war all to few, Ik hycht,
 Again sa fele to stand a stout,
 Ne war thair utrageous walour. 270

Now gais the nobill KING hys way,
 Rycht stoutly, and in gud aray.
 And to the formast dyke is gane;
 And in the slop the feld has tane.
 The cariage, and the powyr all 275
 That war not worth in the bataill,
 Behynd hym levyt he all still,
 Syttand all samyn on the hill.

Schyr AYMER the KING has sene,
 With hys men, that war cant and kene, 280
 Come to the playne, doune fra the hyll,
 As he thocht in full gud will
 For to defende or to assaille,
 Giff ony wald bid hym bataill.

Tharfor

Tharfor hys men comfortyt he,
 And bad thaim wycht and worthy be;
 For giff that thai mycht wyne the KING,
 And haiff wiçtour off hys fechtynge,
 Thai suld rycht weill rewardyt be;
 And ek gretly thair renouné.

285

290

With that thai war weill ner the KING;
 And he left hys amoneffynge,
 And gert trump to the assemblé.
 And the formost off hys mengye
 Enbrasyt with the schelds braid,
 And rycht farraly togydder raid,
 With heid stoupand, and spers straucht,
 Rycht to the KING thair wayis raucht.
 That mete thaim with sa gret wigour,
 That the best, and off the maist walour,
 War laid at erd at thair metynge.
 Quhar men mycht her sic a breking
 Off spers, that to fruschyt war;
 And the woundyt sa cry and rar;
 That it anoyis wes to her.
 For thai, that fyrst assemblyt wer,
 Swyngyt, and faucht full sturdely.
 The noyis begouth than, and the cry.

295

300

305

A mychty God! quha thar had bene,
 And had the KING's worschip sene,
 And hys brothyr, that was hym by,
 That stonyit thaim sa hardely,

310

That

That thair gud deid, and thair bounté,
 Gaiff gret comfort to thair mengye;
 And how DOWGLAS sa manlily
 Comfortyt thaim, that war hym by;
 He suld weill say, that thai had will
 To wyn honour, and cum thartill.

315

The KING's men sa worthy war,
 That with spers, that scharply schar,
 Thai stekyt men, and steds baith,
 Till rede blud ran off wounds raith.

320

The hors that woundyt war gan fling,
 And ruschyt thair folk in thair flynging;
 Swa that thai that the formast war
 War scalyt in foppys, her and thar.

325

The KING saw thaim ruschyt swa,
 And saw thaim reland to and fra;
 Ran apon thaim sa egrely,
 And dang on thaim sa hardely,
 That sele gart off hys fayis fall.

330

The feld wis ner coweryt all
 Bath with flane hors, and with men.
 For the gud KING thar folowyt then,
 With fyve hunder that wappnys bar,
 That wald thair fayis nathing spar.

335

Thai dang on thaim sa hardely,
 That, in schort tyme, men mycht se ly
 At erd an hunder, and weill mar.

The remanand sa fleyit war,

340

That

That thai begouth thaim to withdraw.
 And quhen thai off the rerward saw
 Thair waward be sa discomfyt,
 Thai fled forowtyn mar respyt.

And quhen Schyr AYMER has sene 345
 Hys men fleand haly beden,
 Wyt ye weill hym wis full way.
 Bot he moucht not ammonyfs fway,
 That ony for hym wald turn agane.
 And quhen he saw he tynt hys payne, 350
 He turnyt hys bridill for to ga:
 For the gud KING thaim preffit swa
 That sum war dede, and sum war tane;
 And the laiff thair gat ar gane.

The folk fled apoun this maner 355
 Forowt areft; and Schyr AYMER
 Agayne to *Boithweill* is gane,
 Menand the scaith that he has tane.
 Sa schamfull that he wencusfyt wais,
 That till *Ingland* in hy he gais, 360
 Rycht to the King, and schamfully
 He gaiff up thar hys wardanry.
 Na newyr fyne, for na kyn thing,
 Bot giff he come rycht with the King,
 Come he to werray *Scotland*. 365
 Sa hewyly he tuk on hand,
 That the KING into set bataill,
 With a quhene, lik to pouerall,

Wencusfyt

Wencusyt hym with a gret mengye,
That war renonyt off gret bounté.

370

Sic angre had Schyr AYMERY.
And King ROBERT, that wis hardy,
Abaid rycht still into the place,
Till that hys men had left the chace.
Syne with prissonours that thai had tane,
Thai ar towart thair innys gane;
Fast lowand God off thar weilfar.
He mycht haiff sene, that had bene thar,
A folk that mery wes and glaid
For thair wictour; and als thai haid
A lord that swa swete wis, and deboner,
Sa curtais, and off sa fayr effer,
Sa blyth, and als sa weill bourdand,
And in bataill sa styth to stand,
Swa wys, and rycht swa awisè,
That thai had gret caufs blyth to be.

375

380

385

Swa war thai blyth withowtyn dout,
For fele, that wynnyt thaim about,
Fra thai the KING saw help hym swa,
Till hym thair homage gan thai ma.

390

Than woux hys power mar and mar.
And he thocht weill that he wald far
Bot our the *Mounth* with hys menye,
To luk quha that hys freynd wald be.

VOL. II.

C

Into

Into Schyr ALEXANDER FRASER 395
 He traistyt, for thai cofyngs wer,
 And hys brothyr SYMON, thai twa;
 He had mystre weill off ma,
 For he had fayis mony ane.
 Schyr IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchquhane*, 400
 And Schyr IHON the MOWBRAY syne,
 And gud Schyr DAVID off BRECHYNE,
 With all the folk off thair leding,
 War fayis to the nobill KING.
 And for he wyft thai war hys fayis, 405
 Hys wiage thyddirwart he tais,
 For he wald se quhat kyn endyng
 Thai wald set on thair menaffing.

The KING buskyt and maid hym yar,
 Northwarts with hys folk to far. 410
 Hys brodyr with hym gan he ta,
 And Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY alsua;
 The Erle off LENEWAX als was thar,
 That with the KING was our all quhar;
 Schyr ROBERT BOYD, and othyr ma. 415
 The KING gan furth hys wayis ta;
 And left JAMES off DOWGLAS,
 With all the folk that with hym was,
 Behind hym for to luk giff he
 Mycht recower hys cuntré. 420
 He left into full gret perill;
 Bot estre, in a litill quhill,

Throw

Throw hys gret worschip fa he wroucht,
 That to the KINGS pefs be broucht
 The *forest off Selcryk* all hale; 425
 And alsua did he *Dowglas-dale*;
 And *Jedworthis forest* alsua.
 And quha fa weill on hand couth ta
 To tell hys worschippis, ane and ane
 He suld fynd off thaim mony ane. 430
 For in hys tyme, as men said me,
 Threten tymys wencussyt wes he,
 And had wiçtours seuen and fyfty.
 Hym semyt not lang ydill to ly
 Be hys trawaill he had na will. 435
 Methink men suld hym love with skill.

This JAMES, quhen the KING wes gane,
 All priuely hys men has tane,
 And went to *Dowglas-dale* agane;
 And maid all priuely a trane 440
 To thaim that in the castell war.
 A buschement maid he flely thar;
 And off hys men fourteen, or ma,
 He gert as thai war sekkis ta
 Fellyt with grefs; and syne thaim lay 445
 Apon thair hors, and hald thair way,

Ver. 425, 427. It appears from different authors, charters, &c. that the country about Selkirk and Jedburgh was formerly called The Forest; and it seems to have lain uncultivated, from its proximity to the borders, and consequent exposure to the ravages of the border-thieves.

Rycht as thai wald to *Lanark*, far
 Owtouth quhar thai enbuschyt war.
 And quhen thai off the castell saw
 Sa fele ladys gang on raw, 450
 Off that sycht thai war wondre fayn,
 And tauld it to thair capitane,
 That hate Schyr IHONE off WEBETOUN;
 He wis baith yong, stout, and felloun,
 Joly alsua, and walageous; 455
 And for that he was amoroufs,
 He wald ische far the blythlier.
 He gert hys men tak all thair ger,
 And isch to get thaim wictaille,
 For thair wictaille gan fast thaim faile. 460
 Thai ischyt all abandounly,
 And prikkyt furth sa willfully
 To wyn the ladys, that thai saw pass,
 Quhill that DOWGLAS with hys was

Ver. 449. The castle-hill of Lanark is on the south of the town; but no ruin of the castle remains; its scite being now a bowling-green and garden. The murder of Wallace's wife, which seems the first cause which incited him to arms, was committed at Lanark, by Heselrig or Hislop, governour of the castle, whom Wallace after slew. See Fordun xi. 28: for Henry the minstrel is no authority, his work being an absurd romance; tho' in this instance he accords with history, and with tradition, a large cave in Cartland Craigs near Lanark, where Henry says that Wallace lurked, being called Wallace's Cave to this day. It is remarkable that Sir D. Dalrymple should have omitted this important circumstance, for which Fordun was surely good authority.

All

All betwix thaim and the castell. 465
 The laidmen, that persawit weill,
 Thai kest thair ladys down in hy;
 And thair gownys deliuerly
 That heylyt thaim, thai kest away;
 And in gret hy thair hors hint thai. 470
 And stert apoun thaim sturdily,
 And met thair fayis with a cry;
 That had gret wondre, quhen thai saw
 Thaim, that war er lurkand sa law,
 Cum apoun thaim sa hardely. 475
 Thai woux abaysyt sedanly;
 And at the castell wald haiff bene:
 Quhen thai ane othyr halff has sene,
 DowGLAS brak hys enbuschement,
 That agayn thaim rycht stoutly went. 480
 Thai wyft not quhat to do, na fay,
 Thair fayis on aythir sid saw thai,
 That strak on thaim, forowtyn sparing,
 And thai mycht help thaimselwys nathing;
 Bot fled to warand, quhar thai moucht. 485
 And thai sa angrely thaim foucht;
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.
 Schyr IHONE WEBETOWN thar wes slayne.
 And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
 Thai fand intill hys coffer 490
 A lettyr that hym send a lady,
 That he luffyt per drouery,

That

Ver. 492. *Per drouery*, is not in a view of marriage. The term

That said quhen he had yemyt a yer
 In wer, as a gud batchiller,
 The awenturs castell off *Dowglas*, 495
 That to kep sa peralus was ;
 Than mycht he weill ask a lady
 Hyr amours, and hyr drouery.

The letter spak on this maner.
 And quhen thai slayne on this wyfs wer, 500
DOWGLAS rycht to the castell raid,
 And thar sa gret debate he maid,
 That in the castell entryt he.
 I wate nocht all the certanté,
 Quetheyr it wis throw strenth or flycht. 505
 Bot he wrocht sa with mekill mycht
 That the cunstabill, and all the laiff
 That war tharin, bath man and knaiff,
 He tuk, and gaiff thaim dispending ;
 And sent thaim home, bot mar grewing, 510
 To the *CLYFFURD*, in thair cuntré.
 And syne sa besyly wroucht he,

term is old French. *Druë*, maitresse, ou concubine : *Drurie*,
 la vie joyeuse.

Soit sa moullier, ou soit sa *druë*,
 Tantost en a l'amour perduë.

Roman de la Rose, 10196.

Que bien voy-je que ma *drurye*,

Ne mon solas ne vous plaist mye. *Ib.* 9278.

It might be thought that *Drury-lane* takes its name from
 this term, now so applicable ; but it was a lane leading up
 to *Drury-house*, the seat of a family called *Drury*.

That

That he tumblyt doun all the wall,
And destroyit the houffis all.

Syne till the Forest held hys way,

515

Quhar he had mony ane hard assay :

And mony fayr poynt off wer befell.

Quha couth thaim all reherfs, or tell,

He suld say that hys name suld be

Lestand in full gret renouné.

520

THE END OF BUKE VIII.

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B

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E IX.

ARGUMENT.

*The Kyng passes the Mounth, and falls sick at Enrourie
—is carried to Slenath.—Cumin Erle of BUCHAN
assailis the King, quha is bravelie defendit be his
men.—The Kyng recoverand defeits BUCHAN at
Enroury; and herries all his lands—fares to
Angus, and taks Forfar castell—and Perth.—Schir
EDWARD BRUCE gangand to Galloway defeits
Schir AYMER ST. JOHN at Cree.—DOUGLAS
taks RANDEL and STUART prisoneirs.*

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T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E IX.

NOW leve we intill the *Forest*
 DowGLAS, that fall bot litill rest,
 Till the cuntré deliueryt be
 Off *Inglis* folk, and thair powté:
 And turn we till the nobill KING; 5
 That, with the folk off hys leding,
 Towart the *Mounth* has tane hys way,
 Rycht stoutly, and intill gud aray.
 Quhar ALYSANDER FRAYSER hym met,
 And als hys brodyr SYMONET, 10
 With all the folk thai with thaim had.
 The KING gud cuntenance thaim maid:
 That wes rycht blyth off thair cummyne.
 Thai tauld the KING off the cowyne
 Off IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchane*, 15
 That till help hym had with hym tane
 Schyr IHON MOWBRAY, and othyr ma;
 Schyr DAVID off BRECHYN alsua;
 With all the folk off thair leding;
 And yarnys mar na ony thing 20
Wengeance

' Wengeance off yow, Schyr KING, to tak,
 ' For Schyr IHONE the CUMMYNS sak,
 ' That quhillum in *Dumfrees* wes slayn.'
 The KING said, " Sa our Lord me sayn,
 " I had gret caufs hym for to sla. 25
 " And sen that thai on hand will ta,
 " Becauks off hym, to werray me,
 " I fall thole a quhile, and se
 " On quhat wyfs that thai prowre thair mycht.
 " And giff it fall that thai will fycht, 30
 " Giff thai assaile we fall defend,
 " Syne fall eftre quhat God will fend."

Eftre this spek, the KING in hy
 Held straucht hys way till *Enrowy*.
 And thar hym tuk sic a seknes, 35
 That putt hym to full hard distres,
 That he forbar baith drynk and mete.
 Hys men na medecyne couth get
 That euir mycht to the KING awaile.
 Hys force gan hym halyly faile, 40
 That he mycht nothyr ryd na ga.
 Then wyt ye that hys men war wa ;

Ver. 34. Inverury, about fifteen miles north-west of Aberdeen. Bruce went to the north of Scotland October, 1307. The Annalist of Scotland, ii. 23, thinks Bruce had met with a defeat before he proceeded to the north; and says it is difficult otherwise to account for that progress: but the reasons given by our poet seem sufficient.

For

For nane wes in that cumpany,
 That wald haiff bene halff fa fary
 For till haiff sene hys brodyr ded, 45
 Lyand befor thaim in that sted,
 As thai war for hys seknes,
 For all thair comfort in hym wes.

Bot gud Schyr EDUARD the worthy,
 Hys brodyr that wis fa hardy, 50
 And wyfs and wicht, set mekill payn
 To comfort thaim with all hys mayn.
 And quhen the lords, that thar war,
 Saw that the ill ay mar and mar
 Trawaillyt the KING, thaim thought in hy 55
 It was not spedfull thar to ly;
 For thar all playne wes the cuntré,
 And thai war bot a few menye,
 To ly but strenth into the playne.
 For this, till that thair capitane 60
 War coweryt off hys mekill ill,
 Thai thought to wend sum strenthis till.

For folk forowtyn capitane,
 Bot thai the bettir be apayn,
 Sall not be all fa gud in deid, 65
 As thai a Lord had thaim to leid;
 That dar put hym in awentur,
 Bot abayfing to tak the ure
 That God will send: for quhen that he
 Off sic will is and sic bounté, 70
 That

That he dar put hym till assay,
 Hys folk fall tak ensample ay
 Off hys gud deid and hys bounté,
 And ane off thaim fall be worth thre
 Off thaim that wilkyt chiftane hais. 75
 Hys wrechytnes sa in thaim gais,
 That thai thair manlynes fall tyne,
 Throw wrechytnes off hys cowyne.
 For quhen the lords, that thaim fuld leid,
 May do noucht bot as he war deid, 80
 Or fra hys folk halds hys way
 Fleand, trow ye not than that thai
 Sall wencusyt in thair harts be?
 Yis fall thai, as I trow, pardé,
 Bot giff thair harts be sa hey, 85
 That thai na will for thair worschip fley.
 And thouch sum be off sic bounté,
 Quhen thai the lord and hys menye
 Seys fley, yeit fall thai fley apayn;
 For all men fleis the deid rycht fayne. 90
 See quhat he dois, that swa fowly
 Fleis thus for hys cowardy;
 Bath hym and hys wencussyt he,
 And gers hys fayis abowne be.
 Bot he that, throw hys gret noblay, 95
 Till peralls hym abandownys ay,
 To recomfort hys menye,
 Gers that he be off sa gret bounté,
 That mony tyme unlikly thing
 Thai bring rycht weill to gud ending. 100
 82

Sa did this KING, that Ik off reid;
 And, for hys uttrageous manheid,
 Confortyt hys on sic maner,
 That nane had radnes quhar he wer
 Liand intill hys seknes.

105

Tharfor in littre thai hym lay,
 And till the *Slenauch* held thair way:
 And thocht thar in that strenth to ly,
 Till passyt war hys malady.

Bot fra the Erle off BUCHANE
 Wyft that thai war thyddir gane;
 And wyft that sa sek wis the KING
 That men dowtyt off hys cowering;
 He sent eftre hys men in hy,
 And assemblyt a gret cumpany.
 For all hys awne men war thar;
 And all hys freyns with hym war;
 That wis Schyr IHONE the MOWBRAY,
 And hys brodyr, as Ik hard say,
 And Schyr DAVID off BRECHYNGE,
 With fele folk in thair ledyng.

110

115

120

And quhen thai all assemblyt war,
 In hy thai tuk thair way to far
 To the *Slenauch*, with all thair men,
 For to assaille the KING then

125

Ver. 107. The *Slenauch* is probably in the mountains of
 Benachie, a few miles west of Inverury.

Wis

Wis liand intill hys seknes.
 This wer eftre the Martymas,
 Quhen snaw had helyt all the land.
 To the *Slenauch* thai come ner hand,
 Arrayit on thair best maner. 130
 And then the KING's men that were
 War off thair come, thaim apparaylyt
 To defend, giff thai thaim assaylyt.
 And not forthy thair fayis war
 Ay twa for ane that thai war thar. 135
 The Erly's men ner cummand war,
 Trumpand and makand mekill far,
 And maid knychts quhen thai war ner.
 And thai, that in the wodds fid wer,
 Stud in aray rycht farraly, 140
 And thought to byd thar hardly
 The cummyn off thair enymys.
 Bot thai wald, apon na kyn wyfs,
 Ische till assaile thaim in fechting,
 Till coweryt war the nobill King. 145
 Botand oythir wald thaim assaillye,
 Thai wald defend wailye contra wailye.

And quhen the Erl's company
 Sa that thai wroucht fa wifely,
 That thai thair strenth schupe to defend; 150
 Thair archers furth to them thai fend,

Ver. 138. It is well known that it was usual to make
 knights just before a battle.

To

To bykker thaim as men off mayne;
 And thai send archers thaim agayne,
 That bekkryt thaim sa sturdely,
 Till thai off the Erle's party
 Intill the bataill drywyn war.

155

Thre dayis on this wyfs lay thai thar;
 And bekkryt thaim euirilk day.
 Bot thair bowmen the war had ay.

And quhen the KINGS company
 Saw thair fayis befor thaim ly,
 That ilk day wox ma and ma,
 And thai war quhene, and stad mar sa

160

That thai had nathing for till eyt,
 Bot giff thai trawailit it to get;
 Tharfor thai tuk cunfale into hy
 That thar wald thai na langer ly;
 Bot hald thair way quhar thai mycht get
 To thaim, and thairs, wiçtallis and mete.

165

In a littar the KING thai lay;
 And redyt thaim, and held thair way,
 That all thair fayis mycht thaim se.
 Ilk man buskyt hym in hys degre
 To fycht giff thai assaillyt war.
 In midds thaim the KYNG thai bar,
 And yeid about hym sarraly,
 And not full gretly thaim gan hy.

170

175

The Erle, and thai that with hym war,
 Saw that thai buskyt thaim to far;

And saw how, with sa litill effray, 180
 Thai held furth with the KING thair way,
 Redy to fycht, quha wald assaile;
 Thair harts begouth all to faile:
 And in pefs let thaim pass thair way;
 And till thair houssis hame went thai. 185

The Erle hys way tuk to *Bowchane*,
 And Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE is gane
 Rycht to *Strabolghy*, with the KING.
 And swa lang thar maid soiournyng,
 Till he begouth to cowyr, and ga. 190
 And syne thair wayis gan thai ta
 Till *Innerowrie* straucht agayne.
 For thai wald ly into the playne,
 The wynter sesone, for wictaile
 Intill the plane mycht thaim to faile. 195

The Erle wyft that thai war thar;
 And gadryt a mengye, her and thar;
 BRECHYNE, and MOWBRAY, and thair men,
 All till the Erle assemblyt then,
 And war a full gret company 200
 Off men arayit jolyly.

Ver. 188. Strathbogy, a country and town on the west of
 Aberdeen-shire.

Ver. 194, 195. Editions read:

The winter season for vittail
 Into the plain they might not fail.

Till

Till *Auld Meldrum* thai yeid thair way,
 And thar with thair men logyt thai,
 Befor Yhule-ewyn a nycht bot mar,
 A thoufand trow I weile thai war. 205
 Thai logyt thaim all thar that nycht.
 And on the morn, quhen day was lycht,
 The Lord of *Brechyne*, Schyr DAWY,
 Is went towart *Innerowry*,
 To luk giff he on ony wyfs 210
 Mycht do scaith till hys ennymys.
 And till the end of *Innerowry*
 Come ridand fa fedanly,
 That off the KING's men he flew
 A part, and othyr sum thaim withdrew, 215
 And fled thair way towart the KING;
 That, with the maist off hys gadryng,
 On the yond half down was thaim liand.
 And quhen men tauld hym tythand,
 How Schyr DAWY had slayne hys men, 220
 Hys horfs in hy he askyt then,
 And bad hys men all mak thaim yar
 Into gret hy, for he wald far
 To bargayne with hys enymys.
 With that he buskyt for to ryfs, 225
 That was not all weill recoweryt then.
 Than said sum off hys priuy men,
 'Quhat think ye this gat to far
 'To fecht, and not yheit recoweryt ar?'
 "Yhis," said the KING, "withowtyn weer, 230
 "Thair boft has maid me hale and fer.

"For fuld na medecyne fa sone
 "Haiff coweryt me, as thai haiff done.
 "Tharfor, fa God hymselff me fe!
 "I fall aythir haiff thaim, or thai me."

235

And quhen hys men has hard the KING
 Set hym fa hale for the fechting,
 Off hys cowerying all blyth thai war,
 And maid thaim for the bataill yhar.

The nobill KING, and hys mengye, 240
 That mycht weill ner feuen hunder be,
 Towart *Auld Meldrum* tuk thair way,
 Quhar the Erle and hys mengy lay.
 The discowrrours saw thaim cummand,
 With baners to the wynd wawand; 245
 And yeid to thair lord in hy,
 That gert arme hys men hastily,
 And thaim arayit for bataill.
 Behind thaim set thai thair poweraill,
 And maid gud sembland for to fycht. 250
 The KING come on with mekill mycht;
 And thai abaid, makand gret fayr,
 Till thai ner at assemblyng wayr.

Bot quhen thai saw the nobill KING
 Cum stoutly on, forowtyn fenyeing, 255
 A litill on bridill thai thaim withdrew.
 And the KING, that rycht weill knew

That

That thai war all difcomfyt ner,
 Pressyt on thaim with hys baner;
 And thai withdrew mar and mar. 260
 And quhen the small folk thai had thar
 Saw thair lords withdraw thaim swa,
 Thai turnyt thair baks all for to ga,
 And fled all scalyt her and thar.
 The lords that yheit togeddyr war, 265
 Saw that thair small folk war fleand,
 And saw the KING stoutly cummand,
 Thai war ilkane abesyt swa,
 That thai the bak gaiff, and to ga.
 A litill stound samyn held thai, 270
 And fyne ilk man has tane his way.

Fele neuir man fa foule myschance,
 Eftre fa sturdy cuntenance.
 For quhen the KING's company
 Saw that thai fled sa foully, 275
 Thai chafyt thaim with all thair mayn;
 And sum thai tuk, and sum has slayn.
 The remanand war fleand ay;
 Quha had gud horfs gat best away.
 Till *England* fled the erle off BOWCHQUHANE,
 Schyr IHONE MOWBRAY is with hym gane, 281
 And war resett with the king.
 Bot thai had bath bot schort lesting;
 For thai deyt sone eftre fyne.
 And Schyr DAVID off BRECHYNE 285

Fled till *Brechyne*, hys awyn castell;
 And warnyst it baith fayr and weill.
 Bot the erle of *ATHOLL*, *DAWY*
 Hys son, that wis in *Kyldromy*,
 Come syne, and hym aslegyt thar. 290
 And he that wald hald wer na mar,
 Na bargane with the nobill *KING*,
 Come syne hys man with gud treting.

Now ga we to the *KING* agayne,
 That off hys wiictory wes rycht fayne, 295
 And gert hys men bryn all *Bouchane*
 Fra end till end, and sparyt nane;
 And heryit thaim on sic maner,
 That eftre that weill fyfty yer,
 Men menynt the *Herschip off Bowchane*. 300
 The *KING* than till hys pefs has tane
 The north cuntreyis, that humbly
 Obeyfyt till hys senyowry.
 Sa that be north the *Month* war nane
 Than thai hys men war ilkane. 305
 Hys lordschip wox ay mar and mar.
 Towart *Angus* syne gan he far,

Ver. 296. This ravage of Buchan is certainly no gem in the crown of Bruce's praise; but the manners of the age, and the desire of striking salutary terror into his opponents, may excuse him; along with the just enmity he had for the Cummins, a family too powerful, and who had conspired his death. The time is now spring, 1308. See *Annals*, ii. 24.

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131

And thought sone to mak all fre
 That wes on the northalff the *Scotts Se.*
 The castell off *Forfayr* wes then 310
 Stuffyt all with *Inglis men.*
 Bot PHILIP the FORASTER off *Platane*
 Has off hys freynds with hym tane,
 And with leddrys all priuely
 To the castell he gan hym hy. 315
 And up owtour the wall off stane,
 And swa gat has the castell tane,
 Throw faute off wach, with litill payne.
 And syne all that he fand has slayne :
 Syne yauld the castell to the KING, 320
 That maid hym rycht gud rewarding.
 And syne gert brek doun the wall,
 And fordyd well, and castell all.

Quhen that the castell off *Forfar*,
 And all the towrs tumblyt war 325
 Downe till the erd, as lk haiff tauld,
 The KING, that wycht was wyfs and bauld,
 That thought that he wald mak all fre
 Apon the north halff the *Scotts Se*,

Ver. 309. The *Scots Sea*, or *Mare Scoticum*, is the frith of Forth. That part of Scotland south of Clyde and Forth was not accounted to be in *Scotland proper*, till a late period, but only belonging to it. See *Enquiry into the History of Scotland preceding 1056*. London 1789, 2 vols. 8vo.

Ver. 329. But Dundee was still held by the English, till 1313. See book x. ver. 801.

Till *Perth* is went, with all hys rout, 330
 And unbesett the towne about;
 And till it a sege has fet.
 Bot quhill it mycht haiff men and mete,
 It mycht not but gret payn be tane;
 For all the wall wis then of stane, 335
 And wycht towrs and hey standand.
 And that tyme war tharin duelland
 MOFFAT, and als OLYSARD,
 Thai twa the toun had all in ward:
 And off STRAITHERNE als the Erle wes thar. 340
 Bot hys son, and off hys men, war
 Without intill the KINGS rowt.
 Thar was oft bekkyryng styth and stout,
 And men slayne apon ilk party.
 Bot the gud KING, that all wytty 345
 Wes in hys deds euirilkane,
 Saw the wallis sa styth off stane,
 And saw defens that thai gan ma;
 And how the toun was hard to ta
 With opyn sawt, strenth or mycht; 350
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with flycht.
 And in all tyme that he thar lay
 He spyit, and flely gert assay,
 Quhar the dyke schaldeft was.
 Till at the last he fand a place 355

Ver. 340. Malis Earl of Strathern, a nobleman of great power.

Ver. 354. That is, 'where the ditch was shallowest.'

That

That men mycht till thair schulders wad.
 And quhen he that place fundyn had,
 He gert hys men busk ilkane,
 Quhen sex wouks off the sege wes gane;
 And turfyt thair harnes halely, 360
 And left the sege all opynly;
 And furth with all his folk gan fayr,
 As he wald do tharto na mayr.

And thai, that war within the toun,
 Quhen thai to fayr sa saw hym boun, 365
 Thai schowtyt hym, and skornyn mad:
 And he furth on hys wayis rad,
 As he ne had will agayne to turn,
 Na besid thaim mak mar soiourn.
 Bot in aucht days not forthy 370
 He gert mak leddrys priuely,
 That mycht suffice till hys entent;
 And in a myrk nycht syne is went
 Towart the town, all priuely;
 Thai hard na wachys spek, na cry; 375
 For thai war within may fall,
 As men that dred not, slepand all.
 Thai haid na dreid than off the KING;
 For thai off hym hard nathing,
 All the thre dayis befor, or mar; 380
 Tharfor sekyr and traist thai war.

And quhen the KING thaim hard not ster,
 He was blyth on gret maner,

And

And hys leddrys in hand gan ta,
 Ensamble till hys men to ma. 385
 Arayit weill in all hys ger,
 Schot on the dyke, and with hys sper
 Taistyt, till he it our woud :
 Bot till hys throt the watyr stud.

That tyme wis in hys cumpany 390
 A knycht off *Fraunce*, wycht and hardy ;
 And quhen he in the watyr swa
 Saw the KING pass, and with hym ta
 Hys laddyr unabasytly,
 He faynyt hym for the ferly. 395
 And said, " A lord ! quhat fall we say
 " Off our lords off *Fraunce*, that thai
 " With gud morfells fayris thair pawnch,
 " And will bot ete, and drynk, and dawnse,
 " Quhen sic a knycht, and sa worthy, 400
 " As this throw hys chewalry,
 " Into sic perill has hym set,
 " To wyn a wrechyt hamylett ! "

With

Ver. 403. It is no wonder that, to a French knight, Perth, one of the chief towns of Scotland, should appear ' a wretched hamlet.' Such was the poverty of Scotland, owing to want of industry ; for industry can make any country rich ; and want of it can render any country poor. This poverty continued till the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions, 1750, when liberty and industry began to diffuse their blessings over Scotland. The flourishing state of Scottish commerce under the five Jameses, lately started by ignorant theo-

rists,

With that word to the dyke he ran,
And our eftre the KING he wan.

405

And quhen the KING's mengye ſaw
Thair lord out our, intill a thraw
Thai paſſyt the dyk : and, bot mar let,
Thair leddrys to the wall thai fet;
And to clymb up faſt preſſyt thai.

410

Bot the gud KING, as I hard ſay,
Was the ſecond man that tuk the wall :

And bad thar, till hys mengye all
War cummyn up, in full gret hy;
Yheit thair raiſs nothyr noyis na cry.

415

Bot ſone eftre thai noyis mad,
That off thaim fyrſt perſawing had,
Swa that the cry raiſs throw the toun.

Bot he that with hys men wes boune
Till aſſaill, to the toun is went,

420

And the maiſt off hys mengye ſent,
All ſcalyt throw the town : bot he
Held with hymſelff a gret mengye ;

Sa that he mycht be ay purwayit
To defend, giſſ he war aſſayit.

425

Bot thai, that he ſend throw the toun,
Put to ſa gret confuſioun

Thair fayis, that in bedds war,
Or ſcalyt fled her and thar ;

riſts, is a mere dream, unſupportable by any proof whatever.
Scotland never was in ſo flourishing a condition as at
preſent.

That,

That, or the sone raifs, thai had tane 430
 Thair fayis, or discomfyt ilkane.
 The wardanys bath tharin war tane:
 And MALICE off STRAITHERNE is gane
 Till hys fadyr, the erle MALICE,
 And with strenth tuk hym, and hys. 435
 Syne for hys sake the nobill KING
 Gave hym hys in gouerning.
 The lave, that ran without the toun,
 Sefyt to thaim into gret fusioun
 Men, and armyng, and merchandifs, 440
 And othyr gud on syndry wyfs;
 Quhill thai, that er war pour and bar,
 Off that gud rych and mychty war.
 Bot thar was few slayne; for the KING
 That thaim had gevyn in cummanding 445
 On gret payne, that thai suld slay nane,
 That bot gret bargane mycht be tane.
 That thai war kynd to the cuntré
 He wyft, and off thaim had pité.

In this maner the toune wis tane. 450
 And syne towrs euirilkane,
 And wallis, gert he tumble down:
 He levyt not about that toun

Ver. 439. *Fusioun* is plenty. Shakspeare uses *foyson plenty*, for abundant plenty.

Ver. 450. Fordun xii. 18 dates the taking of Perth 8 Jan. 1312-13. Sir D. Dalrymple 1311. Barbour's authority seems best, who here places it in 1308.

Towr

Towr standand, na stane na wall,
 That he ne haly gert stroy thaim all.
 And prisionerys, that thar tuk he,
 He fend quhar thai mycht haldyn be.
 And till hys pefs tuk all the land:
 Wis nane that durst hym thar withstand.

455

Apon north halff the *Scotts Se*,
 All obeyfyt till hys maiesté;
 Owtane the LORN, and thai
 Off *Argbile*, that wald with hym ga.
 He held hym ay agayne the KING:
 And hatyt hym atour all thing.
 Bot yete, or all the gamyn ga,
 I trow weill that the KING fall ta
 Wengeance off hys gret cruelté;
 And that hym far repent fall he,
 That he the KING contraryit ay,
 May fall, quhen he it mend na may.

460

465

470

The KING's brodyr, quhen the toun
 Wes takyn thus, and dongyn doun,
 Schyr EDUARD that was sa worthy,
 Tuk with hym a gret cumpany,
 And tuk hys gayt till *Galloway*.
 For with hys men he wald assay
 Giff he mycht recouer that land,
 And wyn it fra *Inglis menys* hand.

475

Ver. 476. June, 1308.

This

This Schyr EDUARD, forfuth Ik hycht, 480
 Wes off hys hand a nobill knycht;
 And in blythnes suete and joly;
 Bot he was owtrageoufs hardy,
 And off sa hey undertaking,
 That he had neuir yhet abaysyng 485
 Off multitud off men, forthy
 He discumfyt commonly
 Mony with quehene: tharfor had he
 Owt our hys pers renounie.
 And quha wald reherfs all the deid 490
 Off hys hey worschip, and manheid,
 Men mycht a mekill romans mak.
 And not forthy, I think to tak
 In hand, to fay sum thing off hym:
 Bot not tend part hys trawaillyn. 495

This gud knycht, that I spek of her,
 With all the folk that with hym wer,
 Weill sone to *Galloway* cummyn is.
 All that he fand he makyt hys;
 And roytet gretly the land. 500
 Bot than in *Galloway* war wennand
 Schyr INGREHAME UMPHRAWELL, that wes
 Renonyit off sa hey prowefs,
 That he off worschip passyt the rout;
 Tharfor he gert ay ber about 505
 Apon a sper ane red bonnet,
 Into takyn that he wes set

Into

Into the hycht of chewalry ;
 And off SAYNT IHONE als Schyr AYMERY.
 Thir twa the land had in ftering. 510
 And quhen thai hard off the cumming
 Off Schyr EDUARD, that sa playnly
 Owr raid the land, then in gret hy
 Thai assemblyt all thair mengye.
 I trow twalf hundir thai mycht be. 515
 Bot he with fewar folk thaim met
 Besid *Cre*, and sa hard thaim set,
 With hard bataill, and stalwart fycht,
 That he thaim all put to the flycht :
 And slew twa hundir weill and ma. 520
 And the cheyftanys in hy gan ta
 Thair way to *Bothwell*, for to be
 Thar refawyt to sawfté.
 And Schyr EDUARD thaim chassyt fast.
 Bot till the castell, at the last, 525
 Gat Schyr INGRAHAME, and Schyr AYMERY ;
 Bot the best off thair cumpany
 Left ded behind thaim in the place.
 And quhen Schyr EDUARD saw the chace
 Wes failyt, he gert seys the prey ; 530
 And fwa gret catell had away,
 That it war wondre for to se.
 Owt of *Bothwell* thai saw how he

Ver. 509. His name was John de St. John, not Aymer de St. John. *Annals*, ii. 25.

Ver. 517. Fordun says near the river Dee, xii. 17. This action happened 29 June 1308.

Gert

Gert hys men dryve with hym the prey;
Bot na let set tharin mycht thai. 535

Throw hys chewalyoufs chewalry
Galloway wes stonayit gretummly;
And he dowlit for hys bounté.
Sum off the men off that cuntré
Come till hys pefs, and maid hym aith. 540
Bot Schyr AYMERY that had the skaith
Off the bargane, I tawld off er,
Raid till *Ingland* to purches ther
Off armyt men gret cumpany,
To wenge hym off the welany 545
That Schyr EDUARD, that nobill knyght,
Hym did by *Cre* into the fycht.

Off gud men he assemblit thar
Weill fyften hundir men, and mar,
That was off rycht gud renounné. 550
Hys way with all that folk tuk he;
And in the land, all priuely,
Entryt with that chewalry;
Thynkand Schyr EDUARD to surprys,
Giff that he moucht on ony wys; 555
For he thocht he wald hym assaill,
Or that he left in playne bataill.

Now may ye her off gret ferly,
And off rycht hey chewalry.

For

For Schyr EDUARD into the land 560
 Wes with hys mengye, rycht ner hand,
 And in the mornyng rycht arly
 Herd the cuntré men mak cry;
 And had wittryng off thair cummyng.
 Than buskyt he hym, but delaying, 565
 And lap on hors deliuerly.
 He had then in route fyfty,
 All apon gud hors armyt weill.
 Hys small folk gert he ilk deill
 Withdraw thaim till a strait tharby: 570
 And he raid forth with hys fyfty.

A knycht, that then wis in hys rowt,
 Worthy and wycht, stalwart and stout,
 Curtais, and fayr, and off gud fame,
 Schyr ALLANE off CATKERT by name, 575
 Tauld me this taile, as I fall tell.
 Gryt myst into the mornyng fell,
 Sa thai mycht not se thaim by,
 For myst, a bow-draucht fullyly.
 Sa hapnyt it that thai fand the traifs, 580
 Quhar at the rowte furth passyt waifs
 Off thair fayis, that forouth raid.
 Schyr EDUARD, that gret yarmyng had
 All tymes to do chewalry,
 With all hys rowte in full gret hy, 585
 Folowyt the traifs quhar gan war thai;
 And, befor myd-morn off the day

The myst woux cler all sedanly.
 And than he, and hys cumpany,
 War not a bow-draucht fra the rout: 590
 Than schot thai on thaim with a schout.
 For giff thai fled, thai wyft that thai
 Suld not weill feyrd part get away.
 Tharfor in awentur to dey
 He wald hym put, or he wald fley. 595
 And quhen the *Inglis* cumpany
 Saw on thaim cum sa sedanly
 Sik folk, forowtyn abayfing,
 Thai war stonayit for effrayng.
 And the tothyr, bot mar abaid, 600
 Swa hardely amang thaim raid,
 That fele off thaim till erd thai bar.
 Stonayt sa gretly than thai war,
 Throw the force off that fyrst affay,
 That thai war intill gret affray; 605
 And wend befor thai had ben ma,
 For that thai war assaillyit swa.
 Quhen thai had thyrlyt thaim hastely,
 Then Schyr EDUARD's cumpany
 Set stoutly in the heid agayne. 610
 And at that cours borne down, and slayne,
 War off thair fayis a gret party;
 That thai effrayit war sa gretly,
 That thai war scalyt gretly then.
 And quhen Schyr EDUARD, and hys men, 615
 Saw thaim intill sa ewill aray,
 The thrid tyme on thaim prykyt thai.
 And

And thai that saw thaim fa stoutly
 Come on, dred thaim fa gretummly,
 That all the rowte, baith les and mar, 620
 Fled prykand, scalyt her and thar.
 Was nane amang thaim fa hardy
 To bid; bot all comonaly
 Fled to warand, and he gan chafs
 That willfull to destroy thaim was. 625
 And sum he tuk, and sum war slayn.
 Bot Schyr AMERY, with mekill payn,
 Eschapyt; and hys gate is gayn.
 Hys men discomfyt wer ilkane;
 Sum tane, sum slayn, sum gat away. 630
 It wes a rycht fayr point perfay.

Lo how hardyment tane fa sedanly,
 And drewyn to the end scharply,
 May ger oftsyfs unluky things
 Cum to rycht fayr and gud endings. 635
 As it fell into this cas her.
 For hardyment withowtyn wer
 Wan fyften hundir with fyfty:
 Quhar ay for ane thar was twenty;
 And twa men ar a mannys her. 640
 Bot ure thaim led on swilk maner,
 That thai discomfyt war ilkane.
 Schyr AMERY hame hys gate is gane,
 Rycht blyth that he swa gat away.
 I trow he fall not mony day 645

Haiff will to werray that countré:
 With this Schyr EDUARD tharin be;
 And duell furth into the land,
 Thaim that rebell war werryand.

And in a yer fa werrayit he, 650
 That he wane qwynt that cuntré
 Till hys brodyrs pefs, the KING.
 Bot that wis nocht bot hard fechtung.
 For in that tyme thar hym befell
 Mony sayr poynt, as Ik hard tell, 655
 The quhilk that ar not wryttyn her.
 Bot I wate weill that, in that yer,
 Threten castells with strenth he wan,
 And ourcame many a mody man:
 Quha fa off hym the south will reid, 660
 Had he had mesure in hys deid,
 I trow that worthyar then he
 Mycht not in hys tyme fundyn be.
 Axceptyn hys brodyr entrely,
 To quham into chewalry 665
 Lyk wis nane, in hys day:
 For he led hym with mesur ay,
 And wyt with hys chewalry.
 He gouernyt fa worthily
 That he oft full unlikely thing 670
 Brocht rycht weill to gud ending.

In all this tyme JAMES off DOWGLAS
 In the *Forest* trawailland was;

Ver. 672. Summer 1308.

And

And it, throw hardiment and slycht,
 Occupyit all, maugre the mycht 675
 Off hys fell fayis, the quhyr thai
 Set hym oft in full hard assay.
 Bot oft throw wyt, and throw bounté,
 Hys purpows to gud end broucht he.
 Intill that tyme hym fell throw cas 680
 On ane nycht, as he trawailand was,
 And thocht till haiff resting
 In ane hous on the watyr off *Lyne*.
 And as he come with hys mengye
 Ner hand the hous, sa lysnyt he, 685
 And hard ane say tharin, "the dewill!"
 And be that he persawyt weill
 That thai war strang men, that thar
 That nycht tharin herbery war.
 And as he thocht it fell per cas: 695
 For off *Bonkle* the Lord thar was,
 ALESANDYR STEWART hat he;
 With othyr twa off gret bounté,
 THOMAS RANDALL off gret renoune;
 And ADAM alsua off GORDOUN. 695

Ver. 683. In Tweedale: it passës near Kirkurd, and falls into the Tweed above Peebles.

Ver. 686. Swearing was so uncommon in the country at that time, that Douglas judged a man at arms alone could use it.

Ver. 694. Thomas Randel the king's nephew, soon after this, Earl of Moray.

That thar come with gret company,
 And thocht into the *Forest* to ly,
 And occupy it, throw thair mycht;
 And with trawaill, and stalwart fycht,
 Chase DOWGLAS owt off the cuntré. 700
 Bot othyrwyfs then yeid the gle.

For quhen JAMES had witting
 That strange men had tane herbering
 In the place, that he schuip hym to ly,
 He to the hous went hastily, 705
 And unbeset it all about.

Quhen thai within hard swilk a rout
 About the hous, thai rais in hy,
 And tuk thair ger rycht hastily,
 And schot furth, fra thai harnasyt war. 710

Thair fayis thaim met with wapnys bar,
 And assailt rycht hardily,
 And thai defendyt doughtely
 With all thair mycht; till at the last
 Thair fayis pressyt thaim sa fast, 715
 That thair folk failt thaim ilkane.

THOMAS RANDELL thar wes tane;
 And ALYSANDER STEWART alsua,
 Woundyt in a place or twa;
 ADAM off GORDOUN fra the fycht, 720
 Quhat throw hys strenth and mycht,
 Eschapyt; and ser off thair men.
 Bot thai that war arefyt then,

War

War off thair takyng wondre wa,
Bot neidlings behowit it be swa.

725

That nycht the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
Maid to Schyr ALEXANDIR, that was
Hys ennemys sone, rycht glaidsum cher :
Swa did he als withowtyn wer
Till THOMAS RANDELL, for that he
Wes to the KING in ner degre
Off blud, for hys systre hym bar.
And on the morn forowtyn mar
Toward the nobill KING he raid,
And with hym bath the twa he had.

730

735

The KING off hys present wis blyth ;
And thankyt hym weill fele fyth.
And till hys nevo gan he say,
" Thou hast ane quhill renyid thy fay :
" Bot yow reconfalt now mon be."
Then till the KING ansueryt he,
And said, ' Ye chasty me ; bot ye
' Aucht better chafnyt for to be ;
' For sen ye werrayit the king
' Off *England* in playne fechting,
' Ye suld pres to derenyhe your rycht,
' And not with cowardy, na with flycht.'
The KING said, " Yheit fall it may
" Cum, or oucht lang, to sik assay.
" Bot sen yow spekys sa rudly,
" It is gret skill men chasty

740

745

750

E 4

" Thy

"Thy proud words, till that yow knaw

"The rycht, and how it as yow aw."

The KING, forowtyn mar delaying,

Send hym to be in ferme keping;

755

Quhar that he allane suld be,

Not all apon hys powsté fre.

THE END OF BUKE IX.

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E X.

ARGUMENT.

The Kyng, at the mountain of Crethinben, defetes the men of Lorn—taks Dunstafnage.—ALEXANDER Lord of ARGYLE submits, bot his son JOHN of LORN flees awa be se.—WILLIAM BUNNOC, a farmer, taks Linlithgow fort, for the King, be stratageme.—RANDEL is maid Erle of MUREF—and besiegis Edinburgh castel.—DOUGLAS taks Roxburgh castel.—RANDEL taks Edinburgh castel.—Schir EDWARD BRUCE taks Ruthglen fort, and Dundee—but gies terms to Strivilin, quhilk draw the King of England to quell Scotland.

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T H E

B R U C E.

B U K E X.

QUHEN THOMAS RANDELL, on this wyfs,
 Wes takyn, as Ik her dewyfs,
 And send to duell in gud keping,
 For spek that he spak to the KING;
 The gud KING, that thocht on the skaith, 5
 The dispyt and felny bath,
 That IHON of LORNE had to hym done,
 Hys oft asssemblyt he then sone;
 And towart *Lorn* he tuk the way,
 With hys men intill gud aray. 10
 Bot IHONE off LORNE off hys cummyng,
 Lang or he come, had witrering.
 And men on ilk sid gadryt he,
 I trow twa thousand thar mycht be:
 And send thaim for to stop the way, 15
 Quhar the gud KING behowyt to gay;
 And that wes in an ewill plafs,
 That sa strayt and sa narow was,

Ver. 10. August 1308. See some latin rimes on this subject in Fordun, xii. 18.

That

That twasum samyn mycht not rid
 In sum place off the hills sid. 20
 The nethyr halff wes parallous;
 For a schor crag, hey and hidwoufs,
 Raucht to the se, doun fra the pass.
 On ayther halff the montane was
 Swa combroufs hey, and stay, 25
 That it wes hard to pass that way.
Crethinben hight that montane.
 I trow nocht that, in all *Bretane*,
 Ane heyar hill may fundyn be.
 Thar IHON of LORN gert hys menye 30
 Enbuschyt, be abowyn the way,
 For, giff the KING held tharaway,
 He thocht he suld sone wencussyt be.
 And hymselff held hym upon the se,
 Weill ner the pass with hys galayis. 35
 Bot the KING, that in all assayis
 Wes fundyn wyfs and awis ,
 Persawyt rycht weill thair sutelt ;
 And that he neid that gait suld ga,
 Hys men depertyt he in twa; 40

Ver. 27. Is this *Cruthin-ben*, between Lochs Etive and Awe, in the direct way from the east to Dunstaffnage?

Ver. 35. The chiefs of Argyle, Lorn, and the Iles, being of Norwegian extract, had kept up the navy introduced by the Norwegians. Tho' the kings of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, had all their fleets, it cannot be discovered that the kings of Scotland ever had any.

And

And till the gud Lord of DOWGLAS,
 Quham in herbryd all worschip was,
 He taucht the archerys euirilkane.

And this gud Lord with hym has tane
 Schyr ALYSANDER FRASER the wycht; 45
 And WYLLYAM WYSEMAN, a gud knycht;
 And with thaim syne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;
 Thir with thair mengye held thair way,
 And clamb the hill deliuerly.
 And, or thai off the tothyr party 50
 Persawyt thaim, thai had ilkane
 The hycht abowyne thair fayis tane.

The KING and hys men held thair way:
 And quhen intill the pass war thai
 Entryt, the folk of *Lorne* in hy 55
 Apon the KING rayfyt the cry.
 And schot, and tumblyt on hym stanys,
 Rycht gret and hewy for the nanys.

Bot thai scaith not gretly the KING.
 For he had thar in hys leding 60
 Men, that lycht and deliuer war,
 And lycht armours had on thaim thar;
 Swa that thai stoutly clamb the hill:
 And lettyt thair fayis to fulfill
 The maist pairt off thair felny. 65
 And als, apon the tothyr party,
 Come JAMES off DOWGLAS, and hys rout,
 And schot apon thaim with a schout.

And

And woundyt thaim with arows fast;
 And with thair fuerdys, at the last, 70
 Thai ruschyt amang thaim hardely.
 For thai off *Lorne*, full manlely,
 Gret and a pert defens gan ma.
 Bot quhen thai saw that thai war swa
 Affailyt apon twa partyfs; 75
 And saw weill that thair ennymys
 Had all the fayrer off the fycht;
 In full gret hy thai tuk thair flycht.

And thai a feloune chafs gan ma;
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta. 80
 And thai that mycht eschap, but delay,
 Rycht till ane watyr held thair way,
 That ran doun be the hillys fyd.
 It was sa flyth, and depe, and wyd,
 That men in na place mycht it pass, 85
 Bot at ane brig that beneuth thaim was.
 To that brig held thai straucht thair way,
 And to brek it fast gan assay.
 Bot thei that chassyt, quhen thai saw
 Mak thar a rest, bot drede or aw, 90
 Thai ruschyt apon thaim hardely,
 And discomfyt thaim uterly.
 And held the brig haill quhill the KING,
 With all the folk off hys leding,

Ver. 73. That is 'began to make a great and brisk de-
 fence.'

Passyt

Passyt the brig all at thair ese. 95
 To IHONE off LORN it suld displese,
 I trow, quhen he hys men mycht se,
 Owte off hys schyppys fra the se,
 Be slayn and chassyt in the hill,
 That he mycht set na help thartill. 100
 Bot it angrys als gretumly,
 To gud harts that ar worthy,
 To se thair fayis fulfill thair will,
 As to thaimselff to thole the ill.

At sik myscheyff war thai off *Lorn*. 105
 For fele the lyvys thar has lorne;
 And othyr sum war fled thair way.
 The KING in hy gert sese the pray
 Off all the land: quhar men mycht se
 Sa gret habundance cum off se, 110
 That it war wondre to behawld.
 The KING, that stoute wes, stark, and bauld,
 Till *Dunstaffynch* rycht sturdely
 A sege set; and besyly
 Assailyt the castell it to get. 115
 And, in schort tyme, he has thaim set
 In swilk thrang, that tharin war than,
 That magre thaimis he it wan.
 And ane gud wardane tharin set,
 And betaucht hym bath men, and met, 120

Ver. 113. Dunstafnage on the western shore of Lorn, a strong castle, and the residence of the chief. See a description and view of it in Mr. Pennant's Tour.

Swa

Swa that he lang tyme thar mycht be,
Magre thaim all off that countré.

Schyr ALYSANDER off ARGHILE, that saw
The KING destroy up clene and law
Hys land; send treyters to the KING; 125
And come hys man bot mar duelling.
And he refawyt hym till hys pefs.
Bot IHONE off LORNE hys son, that wes
Rebelland, as he wes wont to be,
And fled with schippys on the se. 130

Bot thai, that left apoun the land,
War to the KING all obeyand;
And he thair hostage all has tane;
And towart *Perth* agayne is gane,
To play hym thar into the playne. 135
Yeyt *Lothyane* wes hym agayne.
And at *Lythkow* was than a pele,
Mekill, and stark, and stuffyt wele

With

Ver. 125. *Treyters* are 'messengers to treat.'

Ver. 137. The Annalist of Scotland dates the taking of Linlithgow fort in 1311. There is therefore a vacancy of two years in this part of the poem, from 1308 to 1311. A peace between England and Scotland was negotiating in 1308, 1309, by the mediation of France. Nor was any thing warlike performed till 1310, for the brief siege of Rutherglen is very dubious: (Annals, ii. 30). But in 1310 Edward II. made a fruitless and inglorious expedition as far as Renfrew: and a famine then raged in Scotland. In 1311 Bruce resumed

With *Inglismen*; and was refett
 To thaim that, with armurs or met,
 Fra *Edynburgh* wald to *Strewelyn* ga.
 And fra *Strewelyng* agayne alsua
 Intill the cuntré did gret ill.

Now may ye her, giff that ye will,
 Entremellys, and juperdys,
 That men assayit mony wyfs,
 Castells and peylls for to ta.

And this *Lithquhow* wes ane off tha:
 And I fall tell yow quhow it wes tane.
 In the cuntré thar wenyt ane
 That husband was, and with hys fe
 Offtys hay to the peile led he.

WILYAME BUNNOCK to name he had.
 He saw sa hard the cuntré stad,
 Throw the gret force that it wes then
 Gouvernyt, and led with *Inglis men*;
 Thai trawaillyt men outour mesure.

He wes a stout carle and a sture;
 And off hymselff dour, and hardy;
 And had freyns wonnand hym by.
 And schawyt to sum hys priueté;
 And apon hys conwyne gat he
 Men that mycht ane enbuschement ma,
 Quhill that he with hys wayn suld ga

sumed his operations. We may regret that Barbour has omitted two great incidents, the expedition of Edward II. and the famine.

Ver. 151. A husband is a farmer, *villicus*.

VOL. II.

F

To

To lede thaim hay into the pele. 165
 Bot hys wayne suld be stuffyt wele:
 For aucht men, in the body
 Off hys wayne, suld sit priuely,
 And with hay helyt be about.
 And hymselff, that wes dour and stout, 170
 Suld by the wayne gang ydilly;
 And ane yuman, wycht and hardy,
 Befor suld dryve the wayne; and ber
 Ane hachat, that war scharp to scher,
 Undre hys belt: and quhen the yat 175
 War opynnyt; and thai war tharat,
 And he hard hym cry sturdely
 "Call all! Call all!" than hastily
 He suld stryk with the ax in twa
 The soyme; and than in hy suld tha, 180
 That war within the wayne, cum out,
 And mak debat, quhill that thair rout
 That suld ner by enbuschyt be,
 Cum for to manteyne the mellé.

This wes intill the herwyft tyd, 185
 Quhen felds, that ar fayr and wyd,
 Chargyt with corne all fully war;
 For syndry cornys that thai bar
 Wox ryp to wyn, to mannys fud:
 That the treys all chargyt stud 190
 With ser fruts, on syndry wyfs.
 In this suete tyme, that I dewyfs,

Ver. 180. *Soyme*, a rope used in drawing carriages.

Thai

Thai off the pele had wonnyn hay,
 And with this BUNNOK spokyn had thai,
 To lede thair hay, for he wes ner; 195
 And he assentyt but daunger.
 And said that, in the mornynge
 Weill sone, a fothyr he suld bryng,
 Fayrar, and gretar, and weill mor,
 Than he broucht ony that yer befor. 200
 And held thaim cunnand sekryly.
 For that nycht warnyt he priuely
 Thaim that in the wayne suld ga,
 And that in the buschment suld be alsua.

And thai sa graithly sped thaim thar, 205
 That or day thai enbuschyt war,
 Weill ner the pele; quhar thai mycht her
 The cry, als sone as ony wer.
 And held thaim sua still, but sfering,
 That nane off thaim had persawing. 210

And this BUNNOK fast gan hym payne
 To dres hys menye in hys wayne;
 And all, a quhile befor the day,
 He had thaim helyt weile with hay.
 And made hym to yok hys fe, 215
 Till men the sun schynand mycht fe.
 And sum that war within the pele
 War ischyt on thair awne unsele,
 To wyn the herwyft ner tharby.
 Than BONNOK with the company, 220

That in hys wayne closyt he had,
 Went on hys way, but mar debaid,
 And callyt hys men toward the pele.
 And the portar, that saw hym wele
 Cum ner the yat, it opnyt sone.

225

And than BONNOK, forowtyn hone,
 Gert call the wayne deliuerly.

And quhen it wes fet ewynly
 Betwix the cheks off the yat,

Swa that men mycht it spar na gat,
 He cryt, "Theyff! Call all! Call all!"

230

And he than lete the gad wand fall;
 And hewyt in twa the soyme in hy.

BONNOK with that deliuerly

Roucht till the portar sic a rout,

235

That blud and harnys bath come out.

And thai, that war within the wayne,

Lap out belyff; and sone has slayne

Men off the castell, that war by.

Than in a quhile begouth to cry;

240

And thai that ner enbuschyt war

Lap out, and come with fuerds bar,

And tuk the castell all but payn:

And has thaim that tharin was slayn.

And thai that war went furth beforne,

245

Quhen thai the castell saw forlorn,

Thai fled to warand to and fra;

And sum till *Edinburgh* gan ga;

And till *Strewilline* ar othyr gane;

And sum intill the gat war slayne.

250

BUNNOK

BUNNOK on this wyfs, with hys wayne,
 The pele tuk, and the men has flayne.
 Syne taucht it till the KING in hy,
 That hym rewardyt worthely;
 And gert dryve it down to the ground. 255
 And syne our all the land gan found,
 Settand in pefs all the cuntré,
 That at hys obeyfance wald be.

And quhen a litill tyme wes went,
 Eftre THOMAS RANDALL he sent; 260
 And fa weill with hym tretyt he,
 That he hys man hecht for to be.
 And the KING hys ire hym forgave:
 And for to hey hys ftate hym gave
Murreff, and Erle tharoff hym maid. 265
 And othyr syndry lands braid
 He gave hym intill heretage.
 He knew hys worthy waffelage,
 And hys gret wycht, and hys awyfs,
 Hys traift hart, and hys lele feruice. 270
 Tharfor in hym affayit he,
 And ryche maid hym off lands and fe.
 As it wer certs rycht worthy,
 And off fa fowerane gret bounté,
 That mekill off hym may spokyn be. 275 }

Ver. 256. To *found* is to go, to travel.

Ver. 266. The charter, which is curious, is published by Home, Lord Kaimes, in his *Essays on British Antiquities*, and in Shaw's *History of Moray*. It has no date.

And for I think off hym to rede,
 And to schaw part off hys gud dede,
 I will discryve now hys fassoun,
 And part off hys conditioun.

He was off mesurabill statur, 280

And weile porturat at mesur;
 With braid wesage, plesand and fayr,
 Curtails at poynt, and debonayr;
 And off rycht sekyr contenyng;
 Lawté he lowyt atour all thing. 285

Falset, trefoun, and felony,
 He stud agayne ay entrely.

He heyit honour ay, and larges,
 And ay mantenynt rychtwylnes.

In cumpany solacious 290

He was; and tharwith amorous.

And gud knychts he luffyt ay.

And, giff I the futh fall say,

He was fulfilyt off bounté,

Als off wertuys all maid was he. 295

I will commend hym her na mar:

Bot ye fall her wele forthyrmar,

That he, for hys deds worthy,

Suld weill be prysyt souerandly.

Quhen the KING thus was with hym faucht,
 And gret lordschippis had hym betaucht, 301
 He woux sa wyfs, and sa awisé,
 That hys land fyrst weill stablyst he.

And

And syne he sped hym to the wer,
 To help hys eyne in hys myster. 305
 And with the assent off the KING,
 Bot with a symple aparaling,
 Till *Edinburgh* he went in hy,
 With gud men intill cumpany,
 And set a sege to the castell; 310
 That than was warnyft wondre weill
 With men and wiētallis, at all rycht,
 Sa that it dred na mannys fycht.

Bot this gud Erle not forthy
 The sege tuk full apertly. 315
 And pressyt the folk that tharin was
 Swa, that not ane the yet durst pass.
 Thai may abid tharin, and ete
 Thair wiētall, quhile thai oucht may get;
 Bot I trow thai fall lettyt be 320
 To purches mar in the cuntré.
 That tyme EDUARD of *England* king
 Had gewyn that castell in keping
 Till Schyr PERYS LOMBERT of *Gascone*,
 And quhen thai off hys garysone 325
 Saw the sege set thar sa stythly,
 Thai mystrow hym off tratoury,
 For that he spokyn had with the KING.
 And for that ilk mistrowing

Ver. 308. 1312.

Ver. 324. Leland, Collect. ii. 546, calls him Piers *Leland*,
 perhaps from nominal affection.

Thai tuk hym, and put hym in presoun, 330
 And off thair awyn natioun
 Thai maid a constabill, thaim to lede,
 Bath wyfs, and war, and wycht of dede.
 And he set wyt, and strenth, and flycht,
 To kepe the castell at hys mycht. 335

Bot now off thaim I will be still;
 And spek a litill quhill I will
 Off the douchty lord off DowGLAS,
 At that tyme in the Forest was.
 Quhar he mony a juperty, 340
 And fayr poynts off chewalry,
 Serwyt as weill be nycht as day,
 Till thaim that in hys castells lay,
 Till *Roxburch* and *Jedworth*; bot I
 Will lat fele off thaim pass for by; 345
 For I can noucht reheris thaim all.
 And thought I couth, weill trow ye fall,
 That I mycht not suffyce tharto,
 Thar suld sa mekill be ado.
 Bot thai, that I wate wyttrely, 350
 Eftre my wytt reheris will I.

This tyme that the gud Erle THOMAS
 Affegyt, as the lettre sayis,

Ver. 339. 1312.

Ver. 353. 'As the lettre says,' only implies, as in this
 book has been said before.

Edinburgh,

Edinburgh, JAMES off DOWGLAS

Set all hys wyt for to purchas

355

How *Roxburch*, throw futelté

Or ony craft, mycht wonnyn be.

Till he gert SYME off the LEIDHOUSS,

A crafty man and a curiouse,

Off hempyn rapis leddres ma,

360

With irne steppis bundyn swa,

That brek wald not on na kyn wifs.

A cruk thai maid at thair deuifs

Off irne, that wes styth and squar,

That fra it in ane kyrneill war,

365

And the leddre tharfra straitly

Strekyt, it suld stand sekryly.

This gud Lord off DOWGLAS, alsone

As this deuifit wes and done,

Gadryt gud men in priueté,

370

Thre scor, I trow, thai mycht be.

And on the Fastryngs-ewyn rycht,

In the beginning off the nycht,

To the castell thai tuk thair way.

With blak frogs helyt war thai,

375

The armours that thai on thaim had.

Thai come ner by thair, but abad,

Ver. 365. A kernil is one of the low interstices of wall on the battlements.

Ver. 372. Fastrens-even is the eve of Lent. 6 March 1313.

Ver. 375. A *frog*, now spelt *frock*, is an upper-coat.

And

And send haly thair hors tharfra.
 And thai on rawnge, in an route gan ga
 On hands and fete, quhen thai war ner, 380
 Rycht as thai ky or oxin wer,
 That war wont to be bondyn left tharout ;
 It was rycht myrk withoutyn dout.
 The quheyn ane, on the wall that lay,
 Besid hym till hys fere gan fay, 385
 " This man thinks to mak gud cher,"
 (And nemyt ane husband tharby ner)
 " That has left all hys oxin owt."
 The tothyr said, ' It is na dout
 ' He fall mak mery to nycht, thocht thai 390
 ' Be with the DOWGLAS led away.'
 Thai wend the DOWGLAS and hys men
 Had bene oxyn ; for thai yeid then
 On hands and fete, ay ane and ane.
 The DOWGLAS rycht gud tent has tane 395
 To thair spek : bot alsone thai
 Held carpand inwart thair way.

DOWGLAS' men tharoff war blyth.
 And to the wall thai sped thaim swyth :
 And sone has up thair leddres fet, 400
 That maid a clap quhen thai cruchet
 Wes fixit fast in the kyrneill.
 That herd ane off the wachis weill ;
 And buskyt thyddirwart, but baid.
 Bot LEDDEHOUSE, that the leddre maid, 405
 Sped

Sped hym to clymb fyrst to the wall :
 Bot or he wes up gottyn all,
 He at that ward had in keping,
 Met hym rycht at the upcumming.
 And for he thought to ding hym down, 410
 He maid na noyis, na cry, na soun,
 Bot schot to hym deliuerly.
 And he that was in jupperty
 To de, a launce he till hym maid,
 And gat hym be the nek but baid ; 415
 And stekyt hym upwart with a knyff;
 Quhill in hys hand he left the lyff.
 And quhen he ded swa saw hym ly,
 Upon the wall he went in hy,
 And doun the body keft thaim till ; 420
 And said, " All gangs as we will.
 " Spede yow upwards deliuerly."
 And thai did swa, in full gret hy.
 Bot, or thai wan up, thar come ane,
 And saw LEDHOUSS stand hym allane, 425
 And knew he was not off thair men.
 In hy he ruschyt till hym then ;
 And hym assaylit sturdely,
 Bot he flew hym deliuerly ;
 For he wes armyt, and wes wycht ; 430
 The tothyr nakit wes, Ik hycht,
 And had noucht for to stynt the strak.
 Sic mellé thairup gan he mak,
 Quhill DOWGLAS, and hys mengye all,
 War cummyn up upon the wall. 435

Then

Then in the tour thai went in hy :
 The folk wes that tyme halyly
 Intill the hall, at thair daunfing,
 Synging, and other wayis playing ;
 As apon Fastyryngs-ewyn is
 The custume to mak joy and blyfs,
 Till folk that ar into pousté ;
 Swa trowyt thai that tyme to be.

440

Bot, or thai wyft, rycht in the hall
 DOWGLAS, and hys route, cummyn war all. 445
 And cryt on hycht, DOWGLAS ! DOWGLAS !
 And thai, that ma war than he was,
 Hard DOUGLAS ! cryt hydwyfsly ;
 Thai war abayfit for the cry ;
 And schuip rycht na defens to ma. 450
 And thai but pité gan thaim fla,
 Till thai had gottyn the ourhand.
 The tothyr fled to sek warand.
 That out off mesur ded gan dreid.
 The wardane saw how that it yeid 455
 That callyt was GILMYN DE FYNYS ;
 In the gret toure he gottyn is,
 And othyr off hys cumpany,
 And sparryt the entré hastely,
 The lave, that lewynt war without, 460
 War tane, or slayn, thar is na dout,

Ver. 456. Gillemin de Fiennes. Annals, ii. 37.

Bot

Bot giff that any lap the wall.
 The DOWGLAS that nycht held the hall,
 Allthoch hys fayis tharoff wer wa.
 Hys men was gangand to and fra, 465
 Throw out the castell all that nycht.
 Till on the morne, that day wes lycht,
 The wardane, that wis in the tour,
 That was a man off gret walour,
 GILMYN THE FYNYS, quhen he saw 470
 The castell tint, be cleue and law,
 He set hys mycht for to defend
 The tour; but thai without hym send
 Arowyis in fa gret quantité,
 That anoyit tharoff wes he. 475

Bot till the tothyr day not forthy
 He held the tour full sturdely.
 And then at ane affalt he was
 Woundyt fa felly in the face,
 That he wes dredand off hys lyff; 480
 Tharfor he tretyt thar beliff;
 And yauld the tour on sic maner,
 That he, and all that with hym wer,
 Suld fausly pafs in *England*.
 DOWGLAS held thaim gud conand, 485
 And cowoid thaim to thair cuntré.
 Bot thar full schort tyme levyt he:
 For throw the wound intill the face,
 He deyt sone, and beryit was.

DOWGLAS

DowGLAS the castell sefyt all, 490
 That than was clofyt with stalwart wall;
 And fend this LEIDHOUSS till the KING,
 That maid hym full gud rewarding.
 And hys brothyr in full gret hy,
 Schyr EDUARD, that wes fa douchty, 495
 He fend thyddyr to tumble it down,
 Bath tour, and castell, and dungeoun.
 And he come with gret cumpany,
 And gert trawaill fa besyly,
 That tour and wall, rycht to the ground, 500
 War tumblyt in a litill stound.
 And duelt thar quhill all *Tewidale*
 Come to the KINGS pefs, all haile,
 Owtane *Jedwort*, and othyr that ner
 The *Inglistmennys* bounds wer. 505

Quhen *Roxburch* wonyn was on this wyfs,
 The Erle THOMAS, that hey emprifs
 Set ay on fouerane hey bounté,
 At *Edynburgh* with hys mengye
 Was liand at a sege, as I 510
 Tauld you befor all opynly.
 Bot fra he hard how *Roxburch* was
 Tane with a trayne, all hys purchas,
 And wyt, and besynes, Ik hycht,
 He set for to purches sum flycht, 515
 How he mycht help hym, throw body
 Mellyt with hey chewalry,

To

90 To wyn the wall off the castell
 Throw sum kyn flycht. For he wyft weill
 That na strenth mycht it plainly get, 520
 Quhill thai within had men and met.

495 Tharfor priuely speryt he
 Giff ony man mycht fundyn be,
 That couth fynd any juperty
 To clymb the wallis priuely : 525
 And he suld have hys waryfoun.
 500 For it wes hys ententioun
 To put hym till all awentur,
 Or that a sege on hym mysfur.

505 Than wes thar ane WILYAME FRANCUSS, 530
 Wycht, and apert, wyfs, and curyufs,
 That intill hys youthheid had bene
 In the castell ; quhen he has sene
 The Erle sua enkerly hym set
 Sum sutelté, or wile, to get, 535
 Quhar throw the castell have mycht he,
 510 He come to hym in priueté ;
 And said, " Methink ye wald blythly
 " That men fand yow sum juparty,
 " How ye mycht our the wallis wyn : 540
 " And certs giff ye will begyn
 515 " For till assay on sic awyfs,
 " Ik undirtak, for my seruice,
 " To ken yow to clymb to the wall ;
 To " And I sall formast be off all ; 545
 " Quhar

"Quhar with a schort leddre may we,
 "I trow off twelf fute it may be,
 "Clym to the wall up all quytlly.
 "And giff that ye will wyt how I
 "Wate this, I fall yow blythly say. 550
 "Quhen I was young this hendre day,
 "My fadyr wes keper off yone houfs,
 "And I wes sum deill walgeoufs,
 "And lovyt a wench her in the toun.
 "And for I, bot fuspicioun, 555
 "Mycht repayr till hyr priuely,
 "Off rapys a leddre to me mad I:
 "And tharwith our the wall I flaid.
 "A ffrayt roid, that I fperyt had,
 "Intill the crage, syne down I went; 560
 "And offtfyfs come till myn intent.
 "And quhen it ner drew to the day,
 "I held agayne that ilk way:
 "And ay come in but perfawing.
 "Ik usyt lang that trawailing; 565
 "Sa that I can that roid ga rycht,
 "Thocht men se newyr fa myrk the nycht;
 "And giff ye think ye will affay
 "To pafs up eftre me that way;
 "Up to the wall I fall yow bring, 570
 "Giff God us sawys fra perfawing
 "Off thaim, that wachys on the wall.
 "And giff that us swa fayr may fall,
 "That we owr leddres up may fet,
 "Giff a man on the wall may get, 575
 "He

"He fall defend, and it be ned,
 "Quhill the remanand up thaim sped."

The Erle wes blyth off hys carping,
 And hycht hym fayr rewarding;
 And undretuk that gat to ga.
 And bad hym sone hys leddre ma,
 And hald hym priué quhill thai mycht
 Set for thair purpose on a nycht.

580

Sone eftre was the leddre maid;
 And then the Erle, but mar abaid,
 Puruayt hym a nycht preuély,
 With threty men, wycht and hardy;
 And in a myrk nycht held thair way
 That put thaim till full hard assay;
 And to gret perill sekyrly.
 I trow, mycht thai haiff sene clerly,
 That gat had not bene undretane,
 Thouch thai to let thaim had not ane.
 For the crag wes hey, and hidwoufs,
 And the clymbing rycht parallous:
 For hapnyt ony to flid and fall,
 He suld sone be to fruschyt all.

585

590

595

The nycht wes myrk, as Ik hard say,
 And to the fute sone cummyn ar thai
 Off the crag; that wes hey and schor.
 Than WILYAM FRANSOYS thaim befor

600

VOL. II.

G

Clamb

Clamb in crykes forouth ay;
 And at the bak hym followyt thai,
 With mekill payne; quhile to quhile fra,
 Thai clamb into the crykys swa, 605
 Quhile halff the craig thai clumbyn had,
 And thar a place thai fand fa brad,
 That thai mycht sit on anerly.
 And thai war handles and wery:
 And thair abad thair aynd to ta. 610
 And rycht as thai war sittand swa,
 Rycht aboune thaim, up upon the wall,
 The chak-wachys assemblyt all.
 Now help thaim God, that all thing mai!
 For in full gret perill ar thai; 615
 For mycht thai se thaim thar, suld nane
 Eschape out off that place unslane:
 To dede with stanyis thai suld thaim ding,
 That thai mycht help thaimselwyn nathing.

Bot wondre myrk wes the nycht, 620
 Swa that thai off thaim had na sycht.
 And not forthy yeit wes thar ane
 Off thaim, that swappyt down a stane,
 And said, "Away! I see yow weille."
 The quheyr he saw thaim not a deile. 625
 Owt our thair heds flaw the stane;
 And thai sat still lurkand ilkane.

The wachys, quhen thai herd noucht ster,
 Fra that ward samyn all passyt er,

And

And carband held fer by thar way.
 The Erle THOMAS, alsone and thai
 That on the crag thar sat hym by,
 Towart the wall clamb hastily,
 And thyddyr cam, with meikle mayn,
 And not but gret perill and payn.
 For fra thyne up wes grewoufer
 To clymb up, ne beneth befer.

630

635

Bot quhat kyn payn sua euir thai had,
 Rycht to the wall thai come but bad,
 That had weill ner twelf fute off hycht.
 And, forowt persawing or sycht,
 Thai set thair leddres to the wall.
 And syne FRANSOYS, befor thaim all,
 Clamb up; and syne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;
 And syne the Erle hymself, perfay,
 Wes the thrid, that the wall gan ta.
 Quhen thai thar doune thair Lord swa
 Saw clymbyne up apon the wall,
 As woud men thai clamb eftre all.

640

645

Bot or all up clumbyn war thai,
 Thai that war wachys till assay,
 Hard ftering, and priué speking,
 And alswa fraying off armyng.
 And on thaim schot full sturdely;
 And thai met thaim rycht hardely;
 And flew off thaim dispiteously.
 Than throw the castell rais the cry,

650

655

G 2

"Tresoun!

And

"Trefoun! Trefoun!" thai cryt fast.
 Than sum off tham war swa agast,
 That thai fled, and lap our the wall.
 Bot to say suth, thai fled not all.

660

For the constabill, that wes hardy,
 All armyt schot furth to the cry;
 And with hym fele hardy and stout.
 Yeyt wes the Erle, with hys rout,
 Fechtand with thaim apon the wall;
 Bot sone he discomfyt thaim all.
 Be that hys men war cummyn ilk ane
 Up to the wall, and he has tane
 Hys way doun to the castell sone.
 In gret perill he hes hym doyn,
 For thai war fer ma men tharin,
 (And thai had bene off gud cowyne)
 Than he; bot thai effrayit war.
 And not for this, with wapnys bar,
 The constabill, and hys cumpany,
 Met hym and hys, rycht hardely.

665

670

675

Thar mycht men se gret bargane ris:
 For with wapnys off mony wis
 Thai dang on othyr, at thair mycht,
 Quhill swerds that war fayr and brycht
 War till the hilts all bludy.
 Than hidwysly begouth the cry:
 For thai that fellyt, or stekyt, war,
 Hidwysly gan cry and rar.

680

685

The

The gud Erle, and hys cumpany,
 Faucht in that fycht fa sturdily,
 That all thair fayis ruschyt war,
 The constabill wes slane rycht thar.
 And fra he fell the remanand 690
 Fled, quhar thai best mycht, to warand.
 Thai durst not bid to ma debate.
 The Erle was handlyt thar fa hat,
 That had it not hapnyt throw cas,
 That the constabill thar slayn than was, 695
 He had bene in gret perell thar.
 Bot quhen thai fled thar was na mar;
 Bot ilk man, to sauff hys lyff,
 Fled furth hys dayis for to dryve.
 And sum slaid down out our the wall. 700
 The Erle has tane the castell all;
 For thar wes nane durst hym withstand.
 I hard newyr quhar, in na kin land,
 Wes castell tane sa hardely,
 Owtakyn *Treile* anerly, 705
 Quhen ALEXANDER the cunquerour,
 That conquest *Babilonys* tour,
 Lap on bar foris fra the wall;
 Quhar he amang hys fayis all,

Ver. 701. Edinburgh castle was taken 14th March 1313.
 Fordun xii. 19.

Ver. 705. Editions read *Tyre*, absurdly. It was in a town
 of the Oxydracæ that Alexander incurred this danger. Ar-
 rian. lib. vi. p. 394, ed. Blancardi. But the name is un-
 known, and Barbour's authority escapes me.

G 3

Defendyt

Defendyt hym full doughtely, 710
 Quhill hys nobill chewalry,
 With leddres our the wall yeid,
 That nothyr left for dede na dreid.
 For fra thai wyft weill that the king
 Wes in the toun, thar was nathing 715
 Intill that tyme that flynt thaim moucht,
 For all perill thai set at noucht.
 Thai clamb the wall; and ARISTE'
 Come fyft to the gud king, quhar he
 Defendyt hym, with all hys mycht; 720
 That then sa hard wes fet, Ik hycht,
 That he wes fellyt on a kne;
 He till hys bak had set a tre,
 For dred thai suld behind assaile.
 ARISTE' then to the bataille 725
 Sped hym in hy, all sturdely,
 And dang on thaim sa doughtely,
 That the king weille reskewit was.
 For hys men, into syndry plas,
 Clamb our the wall and foucht the king, 730
 And hym reskewyt with hard fechting;
 And wanne the toun deliverly.
 Owtane this taking enerly,
 I herd neuir, in na tyme gane,
 Quhar castell was sa stoutly tane. 735

And off this taking that I mene
 Saint MARGARET, the gud haly quene,

Wyft

Ver. 737. Margaret, the queen of Malcom III. a woman
 worth

Wyft in hyr tyme, throw reweling
 Off hym that knaws and wate all thing.
 Tharfor, insted of prophecy, 740
 Sche left taknyng rycht joly,
 That is yeit intill hyr chapele.
 Sche gert weill portray a castell,
 A leddre up to the wall standand,
 And a man up tharapon clymband. 745
 And a wrote oucht hym, as auld men sayis,
 In *Frankis, Gardys vouys de Fransais*.
 And for this word sche gert wryt swa,
 Men wend the *Frankis men* suld it ta.
 Bot for FRAWNSOUS hattyn wes he, 750
 That swa clamb up in priueté,
 Sche wrat that, as in prophecy:
 And it fell eftrewart sothly
 Rycht as she said; for tane it was,
 And FRANSOYS led thaim up that pass. 755

On this wyfs *Edinburgh* was tane;
 And thai that war tharin ilkane
 Othyr tane, or flane, or lap the wall.
 Thair guds haiff thai lefynt all;

worth a thousand saints. See the life of her, by her con-
 fessor, in the *Vitæ Antiquæ Sanctorum Scotia*, Londini, 1789,
 8vo.

Ver. 746. Editions read:

And wrote on him, as old men fayas.

We should surely read 'owr him,' over him, above him.

G 4

And

Wyft
 woman
 worth

And fouch the houfs euirilkane. 760
Schyr PERS LUMBART that was tane,
As I said er befor, thai fand
In boyis, and hard festnyng sittand.
Thai broucht hym to the Erle in hy,
And he gert loufs hym hastely; 765
Then he become the KING's man.
Thai fend word to the KING rycht than,
And tauld how the castell wes tane.
And he in hy is thyddar gane;
With mony ane in cumpany, 770
And gert myne doun all halyly,
Bath tour and wall rycht to the grond.
And syne our all the land gan fond,
Sesand the cuntré till hys pefs.
Off this deid, that sa worthy wes, 775
The Erle was presyt gretumly.
The KING that saw hym sa worthy,
Was blyth, and joyfull our the lave,
And to mantayne hys stat he gave
Rents and lands, fayr inewch. 780
And he to sa gret worschip dreuch,
That all spak off hys gret bounté.
Hys fayis gretly stonayit he;
For he fled neur for force off fycht.
Quhat sall I mar say off hys mycht? 785
Hys gret manheid, and hys bounté,
Gerrs hym yeit renownyt be.

In

In this tyme, that thir jupertyfs
 Off thir castells, that I dewifs,
 War eschewyt fa hardely,
 Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, the hardy,
 Had all *Galloway* and *Nidysdale*
 Wynnyn till hys liking all haile.
 And dingyn down the castells all
 Rycht in the dyk, bath tour and wall.

790

795

He hard than fay, and knew it weile,
 That in *Ruglyn* wes a pele.
 Thyddir he went, with hys menye,
 And wonnyn it in schort tyme has he.
 Syne to *Dundé* he tuk the way,
 That then wes halden, as I herd fay,
 Agayne the KING. Tharfor in hy
 He set a sege tharto stoutly;
 And lay thar quhill it yolden was.
 To *Strewillyne* syne the way he taes;
 Quhar gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 That was fa douchty at assay,
 Was wardane; and had in keping
 That castell, off the *Inglis* king.

800

805

Thartill a sege thai set stythly:
 Thai bekkyryt offisyfs sturdely;
 Bot gret chewalry done wes nane.
 Schyr EDUARD, fra the sege wes tane,

810

Ver. 788. 1312, 1313.

A weill

A weill lang tyme about it lay,
 Fra the Lentryne, that is to say, 815
 Quhill forouth the Saint Ihonys mefs;
 The *Inglis* folk, that tharin wes,
 Begouth to failye wi&taill be than.
 Than Schyr PHILIP, that douchty man,
 Tretyt quhill thai consentyt war, 820
 That giff at Midsomer, the neist yer
 To cum, it war not with bataill
 Reskewyt; than that, forowtyn fail,
 He fuld the castell yauld quytlly.
 That connand band thai sekyrly. 825

Ver. 815, 816. From Lent 1313 to 24th June.

THE END OF BUKE X.

815

820

THE
B R U C E.

825

B U K E XI.

A R G U M E N T.

Thilk, and the twa folowand bukes, contain the Kyng of England's array again Scotland, and the battel of Bannocburn. EDWARD II. assemblis ane gret host, dividit intil ten battels, of ten thousand men ilkane—marchis till Edenborrow.—King ROBERT summounis his armie of thritty thousand, and ma, and dividis tham into four battels—his stratageme—he orders the sma folk, carriage, and vittail, fra him.—The Inglis advaunce to Falkirk.—The Erle of MUREF, with fyve hundred men, assalis eight hundred.

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T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XI.

AND quhen this cunand thus was maid,
 Schyr PHILIP intill *England* raid ;
 And tauld the King all hale his tale,
 How he a twelf moneth all hale
 Had, (as it wryttin wes in their tailé),
 To reskew *Strewillyne* with bataillé.

5

And quhen he hard Schyr PHILIP say
 That *Scotts men* had set a day
 To fycht ; and that sic space he had
 To purway him ; he wes rycht glaid.
 And said, it wes gret fukudry
 That set thaim apon sic foly.
 For he thocht to be, or that day,
 Sa purwayit, and in sic aray,
 That thar suld nane strenth hym withstand.
 And quhen the lords off *England*
 Herd that this day wes set planly,
 Thai jugyt it all for to failly,

10

15

Ver. 5. *Tailé* is covenant, agreement.

And

And thought to haiff all thair liking,
Giff men abaïd thaim in fechting.

20

Bot oft faillys the fulis thocht :
And yheit wyfsmennys ay cummys nocht
To sik end, as thai weine, alwayis.
A litill ftane oft, as men sayis,
May ger weltyr a mekill wayne.
Na mannys mycht may ftand agayne
The grace of God, that all thing fters.
He wate quhat till all thing affers ;
And difponys at hys liking
Off hys ordynance all thing.

25

30

Quhen Schyr EDUARD, as I yow fay,
Had gevyn swa owtrageoufs a day
To yeld, or reſkew, *Strewillyne*,
Rycht to the KING he went hym fyne.
And tauld quhat treftyfs he had mad ;
And quhat day he thaim gevyn had.
The KING ſaid, quen he hard the day,
“ It wes unwifely doyn perfay !
“ Ik herd neuir quhar ſa lang warnyng
“ Wes gevyn to ſa mychty a King,
“ As is the King off *England*.
“ For he has now intill hand
“ *England*, *Ireland*, and *Walis* alſua,
“ And *Aquitangue* yheit, with all tha ;
“ And off *Scotland* yeit a party
“ Dwells undre hys ſenyowry.

35

40

45

“ And

" And off tresour sa stuffyt is he,
 " That he may wageours haiff plenté.
 " And we ar quhoyne, agayne sa fele.
 " God may rycht weill owr werdys dele ! 50
 " Bot we ar set in juperty,
 " To tyne, or wyn, than hastily."

Schyr EDUARD said, ' Sa God me rede !
 ' Thoch he, and all that he may lede,
 ' Cum ; we fall fecht all, war thai ma.' 55
 Quhen the KING hard hys brodyr fay swa
 Spek to the bataill sa hardely,
 He presyt hym in hys hart gretumly.
 And said, " Brodyr, sen swa is gane,
 " That this thing thus is undretane, 60
 " Schap we us tharfor manlely ;
 " And all that luffs us tendrely,
 " And the fredome off this cuntré,
 " Purway thaim at that tyme to be
 " Boune, with all the mycht that euir thai may.
 " Swa giff that our fayis assay 66
 " To reskew *Strewilline*, throw bataill,
 " That we off purpofs ger thaim fail."

To thys thai all assentyt ar,
 And bad thair men all mak thaim yar 70
 For to be boune, agayne that day,
 On the best wyfs that euir thai may.

Then

Then all, that worthy war to fycht,
 Off *Scotland* fet all hale thair mycht,
 To purway thaim, agayne that day. 75
 Wappnys and armowrs purwayit thai;
 And all that affers to fychting.
 And in *Ingland* the mychty King
 Purwayit hym in fa gret aray,
 That, certs hard I neuir say, 80
 That *Inglis men* mar aparaile
 Maid, than thai did for bataile.

For quhen the tyme wes cummyn ner,
 He asssemblyit all hys power.
 And, but hys awne chewalry, 85
 That wes fa gret it wes ferly,
 He had off mony fer cuntré
 With hym gud men off gret bounté.
 Off *Fraunce* worthy chewalry
 He had intill his company; 90
 The Erle off *Henaud* als was thar,
 And with hym men that worthy war;
 Off *Gascoyne*, and off *Almany*,
 And off the worthyast off *Bretaynguy*,
 He had wycht men, and weill farand, 95
 Armyt clenly, bath fute and hand.
 That nane left that mycht wappnys weld,
 Or mychty war to fecht in feld.
 All *Walis* als with hym had he;
 And off *Irland* a gret mengye; 100
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Off *Pontyne, Aquitane*, and *Bayone*,
He had mony off gret renoune.

ANE HUNDRE THOUSAND men, and ma;

And fourty thousand war off tha

Armyt on horfs, bath heid and hand.

105

And off thaim yeit war thre thousand,

With helyt horfs in plate and mailye,

To mak the front off the batailye.

And fyfty-twa thousand off archers

He had, forowtyn hobelers.

110

And men of fute and smal rangale,

That yemyt harnays and wittaile,

He had sa fele, it wes ferly.

Off carts als that raid thaim by

Sa fele that, but all thai that bar

115

Harnays, and als that chargyt war

With pailyownys, and weschall withall,

And aparaile off chambyr and hall,

Ver. 103. This number seems not exaggerated. See *Annals*, ii. 41, 42. Edward summoned the whole power of his kingdom; *totum ser-vitium nostrum*. Rymer's *Fœdera*, iii. 478. With half the number he might probably have been victorious. An army exceeding 40,000 seems, from ancient and modern history, to be only calculated for mismanagement and defeat. March, 1314.

Ver. 107. That is, horses covered with mail: a very ancient practice among the Sarmatæ, or Slavonic nations, as appears from Trajan's pillar, and other ancient monuments, collated with ancient authors: and which continued among the Gothic nations to the latest times of chivalry.

And wyne, and wax, schot, and wiȝtaille,
 Aucht schor, chargyt with pulaile. 120
 Thai war fa fele quhar that thai raid,
 And thair bataills war fa braid,
 And swa gret rowme held thair char,
 That men that mekill oft mycht se [far]
 Ourtak the lands largely. 125
 Men mycht se then, that had bene by,
 Mony a worthy man, and wycht;
 Mony ane armour gayly dycht,
 And mony ane sturdy ftering fted,
 Arayit intill ryche wede; 130
 Mony helmys, and haberiownys;
 And fa many a combly knycht,
 That it femyt that into fycht
 Thai suld wencufs the warld all haile.
 Quhy suld I mak fa lang my taile? 135
 To *Berwik* ar cummyn ilk ane;
 And sum tharin has innys tane;
 And sum logyt withowt the townys,
 In tents and in pailyownys.

And

Ver. 120. Editions read, '*fewal*.' *Poulaile* is surely poultry.

Ver. 123, 124, 125. The MS. is here corrupt. It reads:

And swa gret rowme held thair char

[*A blank space left for a line*]

That men that mekill oft mycht se,

Ner by quhen fa wald be,

Ourtak the lands largely.

Men mycht se then, that had bene by.

The third line is superfluous nonsense: and this corruption

is

And quhen the King hys oft has sene 140
 Sa gret; and sa gude men, and clene;
 He was rycht joyfull in hys thocht.
 And weill supposit that thar wes noucht
 In warld a king mycht hym withstand.
 Hym thought all wonnyn till hys hand; 145
 And largely amang hys men
 The land off *Scotland* delt he then.
 Off othyr mennys thing larg wes he.
 And thai, that war off hys mengye,
 Manausyt the *Scotts men* haly 150
 With gret words. But not forthy,
 Or thai cum all to thair entent,
 Howys in hale claith fall be rent.

The King, throw cunsaile off hys men,
 Hys folk delt in bataills ten. 155
 In ilkane war weile ten thousand,
 That lete thai stalwartly fuld stand
 In the bataill, and stythly fycht;
 And leve not for thair fayis mycht.
 He set leders till ilk bataile, 160
 That knawin war off gud gouernaile.
 And till renownyt Erls twa,
 Off GLOSYSTER and HERFURD war tha,
 Thai had the waward in leding,
 With mony men at thair bidding, 165

is easily remedied from the editions; which however for *thair*
char read, *they there*.

Ver. 153. That is, 'holes must be made in sound cloth.'

Ordanyt into full gud aray.
 Thai war fa chewalrows, that thai
 Trowyt, giff thai come to fycht,
 Thar suld na strenth withstand thair mycht.
 And the King, quhen hys mengye wer 170
 Dewysit intill bataill ser,
 Hys awne bataill ordanyt he;
 And quha suld at his bridill be.
 Schyr GILIS DE ARGENTE' he sett
 Apon a halff, hys reyngye to kept; 175
 And off WALENCE Schyr AYMERY
 On othyr halff, that wes worthy;
 For in thair fouerane bounté
 Owtowr the lave affayit he.

Quhen the King, apon this kyn wifs, 180
 Had ordanyt, as Ik her deuifs,
 Hys bataills, and hys ftering,
 He rais arly in a mornynng,
 And fra *Berwik* he tuk the way.
 Bath hillis and walis helyt thai, 185
 As the bataills, that war braid,
 Departyt our the felds raid.
 The son wes brycht, and schenand cler,
 And armours that burnysyt wer,
 Sa blomyt with the sonnys beme 190
 That all the land wes in a leme.

Ver. 174. Sir Giles de Argentine, a foreign warrior of great fame, but unknown extract: probably of Flanders.

Ver. 184. June, 1314.

Baners

Baners rycht fayrly flawmand,
 And penfeles to the wynd wawand,
 Swa fele thar war off fer quantifs,
 That it war gret flycht to deuifs. 195
 And fuld I tell all thair affer,
 Thair cuntenance, and the maner,
 Thouch I couth, I fuld combryt be.
 The King, with all that gret mengye,
 Till *Edynburgh* he raid hym rycht. 200
 Thai war all owt to fele to fycht
 With few folk, off a fymple land.
 Bot quhar God helpys quhat may withftand?

The King ROBERT, quhen he hard fay
 That *Inglis men* in fic aray, 205
 And into fwa gret quanteté,
 Come in hys land; in hy gert he
 Hys men be fumound generaly.
 And thai come all, full wilfully,
 To the *Torwood*, quhar that the KING 210
 Had ordanyt to mak thair meting.

Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, the worthy,
 Come with a full gret cumpany
 Off gud men, armyt weill at rycht,
 Hardy, and forsy for to fycht. 215
 WALTRE STEWART off SCOTLAND syne,
 That than wes bot a berdless hyne,

Ver. 193. Pensils are small penons, with which the spears of knights were ornamented.

Come with a rout off nobill men,
 That men mycht be contynence ken.
 The gud lord off DOWGLAS alsua 220
 Broucht with hym men, Ik undreta,
 That weile war usyt in fechting;
 Thai fall the les haiff abayfing,
 Giff thaim betid in thrang to be,
 Awantage thai fall tittar se, 225
 For to stonay thair fayis mycht,
 Than men that usis not to fycht.
 The Erle off MURREFF with hys men,
 Arayit weille come alsua then,
 Into gud cowine for to fycht, 230
 And gret will for to manteyne thair mycht.
 Owtakyn thair mony barownys,
 And knychts that off gret renoune is,
 Come, with thair men, full stalwartly.
 Quhen thai war assemblyt halely, 235
 Off fechtand men I trow thai war
 THRETY THOUSAND, and some deill mar;
 Forowtyn cariage, and pettaill,
 That yemyt harnayis, and wittaill.

Our all the oft then yeid the KING; 240
 And beheld to thair contenyng,
 And saw thaim off full fayr affer;
 Off hardy cuntenance thai war,
 Off liklynes the mast cowart
 Semyt full weill to do hys part. 245
 The

The KING has sene all thair hawing,
 And knew hym weill into sic thing,
 And saw thaim all commonnaly
 Off sic cuntenance, and sa hardy,
 Forowt effray or abaysing, 250
 In hys hart had he gret liking.
 And thought that men off sa gret will,
 Giff thai wald set thair will thartill,
 Suld be full hard to wyn perfay.
 And as he met thaim in the way, 255
 He welcumyt thaim with glaidsum far,
 Spekand gud words her and thar.
 And thai that thair Lord sa mekly
 Saw welcum thaim, and sa hamly,
 Joyful thai war : and thought that thai 260
 Aucht wele to put thaim till assay
 Off hard fechtand, or stalwart stur,
 For to maynteyne hys honour.

The worthy KING, quhen he has sene
 Hys oft assemblyt all bedene ; 265
 And saw thaim willfull to fulfill
 Hys liking, with gud hart and will ;
 And to maynteyne will thair franchis ;
 He wes reiosyt mony wifs.
 And callyt all hys cunsaile priué, 270
 And said thaim, " Lords, now ye se
 " That *Inglis men*, with mekill mycht,
 " Has all disponyt thaim for the fycht ;

- " For thai yone castell wald reskew.
 " Tharfor is gud we ordane now 275
 " How we may let thaim off thair purpos ;
 " And swa to thaim the wayis clos,
 " That thai pass not, bot gret letting.
 " We haiff her with us at bidding
 " Weile threty thousand men, and ma. 280
 " Mak we four bataills off tha ;
 " And ordane us in sic maner
 " That when our fayis cummys ner,
 " We to the *New Park* hald owr way.
 " For thar behowys thaim nede a way, 285
 " Bot giff that thai will beneuch us ga,
 " And our the merrais passand swa,
 " We fall be at awantage thar.
 " And methink that richt spedful war
 " To gang on fute to this fechtng, 290
 " Armyt bot in litill armyng ;
 " For schuip we us on horsis to fycht,
 " Sen our fayis ar mar off mycht,
 " And better horsyt than ar we,
 " We fuld into gret perill be. 295
 " And giff we fycht on fute perfay
 " At awantage we fall be ay.
 " For in the park, among the treys,
 " The horsis men ar cumbryt alwayis.
 " And the syks alsua, that ar thardoun, 300
 " Sall put thaim to confusioun."

Ver. 274. Stirling castle, within view.

All

All thai consentyt till that saw.
 And than, intill a litill thraw,
 Thair four bataills ordanyt thai.
 And till the Erle THOMAS perfay 305
 Thai gaff the waward in leding;
 For in his nobill gouerning,
 And in hys hey chewalry,
 Thai assoweryt rycht soueranly.
 And, for to maynteyne hys baner, 310
 Lords, that of gret worschip wer,
 War assygnyt, with thair mengye,
 Intill hys bataille for to be.
 The tothyr bataile wes gevyn to led
 Till hym, that douchty wes of deid, 315
 And presyt off hey chewalry,
 That wes Schyr EDUARD, the worthy.
 I trow he fall maynteyne it sua
 That, howsaeuir the gamyn ga,
 Hys fayis to plenyne fall matre haf. 320
 And syne the thred bataill thai gaff
 Till WALTRE STEWART for to leid;
 And to DOWGLAS douchty off deid,
 Thai war cosyngs in ner degre,
 Tharfor till hym betaucht wes he. 325
 For he wes young, bot not forthy
 I trow he fall sa manlily
 Do hys deuour, and wirk sa weill,
 That hym fall nede ne mar yeinfeill.
 The ferd bataill the nobill KING 330
 Tuk till hys awne gowerning.
 And

And had intill hys cumpany
 The men of *Carrik* halely,
 And off *Arghile*, and off *Kyntyr*,
 And off the *Ilis*, quharoff was Syr 335
 ANGUSS off *Ile* and *But*: all tha
 He off the plane land had alsua,
 Off armyt men a mekill rout:
 Hys bataill stalwart wes and stout.
 He said the rerward he wald ma; 340
 And ewyn befor hym fuld ga
 The waward; and, on aythir hand,
 The tothyr bataillis fuld be gangand,
 Befid on sid a litill space:
 And the KING, that behind thaim was, 345
 Suld se quhar thar war mast mifter,
 And releve thar with hys baner.

The KING, thus, that wes wycht and wifs,
 And rycht awisè at dewifs,
 Ordanyt hys men for the fychting 350
 In gud aray, in allkyn thing.

And on the morn, on Settreday,
 The KING hard hys discourours say
 That *Inglis men*, with mekill mycht,
 Had lyin at *Edinburch* all nycht. 355

Ver. 333, 334. That is, he joined those of Carrik, in
 whom he most confided, with those in whom he trusted least,
 that the former might check the later.

Tharfor,

Tharfor, withowtyn mar delay,
 He till the *New Park* held hys way,
 With all that in hys leding war,
 And in the park thaim herbyryt thar.

And in a plane feld, be the way, 360
 Quhar he thought ned behowyd to gay

The *Inglis men*, giff that thai wald
 Throw the park to the castell hald,
 He gert men mony potts ma,
 Off a fute braid round; and all tha 365
 War dep uptill a mannys kne;

Sa thik, that thai mycht lyknyt be
 Till a wax kayme, that beis mais.

All that nycht trawailland he wais,
 Swa that or day he hes maid 370

The potts, and thaim helyt haid
 With flykks, and with gres all grene,
 Swa that thai moucht not weill be fene.

On Sunday than, in the mornyng,
 Weile sone eftre the sone rysyng, 375

Thai hard thair mefs commonnaly.

And mony thaim schraiff full devoutly,

That thought to dey in that mellé,

Or than to mak thair cuntré fre.

To God, for thair rycht, prayit thai; 380

Thar deyt nane off thaim that day.

Ver. 377. Many *shrove*, or confessed their sins to the
 priests.

Bot

Bot for the vigil off Saint Ihane
Thai fastyt water and breid ilkane.

The KING that, when the mess was done,
Went furth to se the potts sone, 385
And at hys liking saw thaim mad.
On aythir syd, rycht weill braid,
It wis pittyt, as Ik haiff tauld.
Giff that thair fayis on hors wald hald
Furth in that way, I trow thai fall 390
Not weill eschaip forowtyn a fall.
Throwout the ost than gert he cry
That all suld arm thaim hastily,
And busk thaim on thair best maner;
And quhen thai assemblyt wer, 395
He gert aray thaim for the fycht.
And syne gert cry our all on hycht
That quha sa cuir he war, that fand
Hys hart not sekyl for to stand,
To wyn all, or dey with honour, 400
For to manteyne that stalwart flour,
That he betyme suld hald hys way.
And nane suld duell with hym bot thai
That wald stand with hym to the end,
And tak the ure that God wald send, 405
Than all answeyrt with a cry,
And with a woce said generaly,
That nane for dout off deid suld faile,
Quhill discomfyt war the gret bataile.

Quhen

Quhen the gud KING has hard hys men 410

Sa hardely hym ansuer then,

Sayand that nothyr dede, na dreid,

Till sic discomfourt fuld thaim leid,

That thai fuld eskew the fechting,

In hart he had gret reiofing. 415

For hym thocht men off sic cowyne,

Sa gud, and hardy, and fa fyne,

Suld weill in bataill hald thair rycht,

Agayne men off full miekill mycht.

Syne all the small folk, and spitall, 420

He send with harneyfs and with wiçtail

Intill the park, weill fer hym fra ;

And fra the bataillis gert thaim ga.

And as he bad thai went thair way,

Twenty thousand weill ner war thai. 425

Thai held thair way till a walé.

The KING left bot a clene mengye,

The quithyr thai war threty thousand,

That I trow fall stalwartly stand ;

And do thair deuour as thai aw. 430

Thai stud thaim rangyt all on raw,

Redy for to giff hard bataill,

Giff ony folk wald thaim assaill.

The KING gert thaim all buskyt be,

For he wyft in certanté 435

That hys fayis all nycht lay

At the *Fawkyrk* ; and syne that thai

Held

Held toward hym the way all straucht,
 With mony men off mekill maucht.
 Tharfor till hys newo bad he, 440
 The Erle off MURREFF, with hys mengye,
 Besid the kyrk to kepe the way,
 That na man pass that gat away,
 For to debate the castell.
 And he said himself suld weill 445
 Kep the entré with hys bataill,
 Giff that ony wald thar assaill.
 And syne hys brodyr, Schyr EDUARD,
 And young WALTRE alsua STEWARD,
 And the Lord off DOWGLAS alsua, 450
 With thair mengye, gud tent suld ta,
 Quhilk off thaim had of help mifer,
 And help with thaim that with hym wer.

The KING fend than JAMES off DOWGLAS,
 And Schyr ROBERT the KEYTH, that than was
 Marischell off all the ost off fé, 456
 The *Inglis mennys* comyng to se.
 And thai lap on, and furth thai raid,
 Weill horsyt men with thaim thai haid;
 And sone the gret ost haiff thai sene, 460
 Quhar schelds schynand war sa schene,
 And bassynetts burnyft brycht,
 That gave agayne the sone gret lycht,
 Thai saw sa fele brawdyne baners,
 Standars, and pennownys, and spers, 465
 And

And sa fele knychts apon fteds,
 All flawmand in thair weds;
 And sa fele bataills, and sa braid,
 And tuk swa gret rowme as thai raid,
 That the maist oft, and the stoutest, 470
 Off Cryftyndome, and the gretteft,
 Suld be abayfit for to fe
 Thair fayis into sic quantité,
 And swa arayit for to fycht.
 Quhen thair discurriours has had fycht 475
 Off thair fayis, as I yow fay,
 Towart the KING thai tuk thair way,
 And tauld hym, into priuete,
 The multitud, and the beauté,
 Off thair fayis, that come sa braid, 480
 And off the gret mycht that thai had.
 Than the KING bad thaim thai suld ma
 Na contenance that it war sua,
 Bot lat them into comowne fay,
 That thai come intill ewyll aray; 485
 To comfort hys on that wyfs.
 For oftsyfs throw a word may ryfs
 Discomford, and tynsaill with all.
 And throw a word, als weill may fall,
 Comford may ryfs, and hardyment 490
 May ger men do thair intent.
 On the samyn wifs it ded er.
 Thair comford, and thair hardy cher,
 Comford thaim sa gretumly,
 Off thair oft, that the leyft hardy 495
 Be

Be contenance wald formast be
For to begyne the gret mellé.

Apon this wyfs the nobill KING
Gaiff all hys men recomforting,
Throw hardy contenance of cher, 500
That he maid on fa gud maner.
Thaim thought that na myscheiff mycht be
Sa gret with this thai hym mycht fe
Befor thaim, swa that thaim suld greve
That in hys worschip suld thaim releve. 505
Hys worschip comfort thaim swa,
And contenance that he gan ma,
That the mast caward wes hardy.
On othyr halff, full sturdely,
The *Inglis men* on sic aray, 510
As ye haiff herd me forouth say,
Come with thair bataille approchand,
The baners to the wynd wawand.

And quhen thai cummyn war fa ner,
That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer, 515
Thai chesyt a joly company
Off men, that wycht wer and hardy,
On fayr coursers armyt at rycht.
Four lordys off mekill mycht
War capitanyis off that route. 520
The Schyr the CLYFFURD, that wes flout,

Ver. 514. The day before the battle of Bannocburn, or 23d June, 1314.

Wes

Wes off thaim all sowerane leidar :
 Aucht hundre armyt, I trow, thai war.
 Thai war all young men, and joly,
 Yarnand to do chewalry
 Off best of ywill the oft war thai
 Off contenance, and off aray :
 Thai war the fayrest cumpany
 That men mycht fynd off sa mony.

525

To the castell thai thought to far,
 For giff that thai weill mycht cum thar,
 Thai thought it suld reskewyt be.
 Furth on thair way held thys mengye,
 And towart *Strewilline* held thair way.
 The *New Park* all eschewit thai,
 For thai wyft weill the KING was thar,
 And newth the *New Park* gan thai far ;
 Weill newth the kyrk, intill a rout.
 The Erle THOMAS, that wes sa stout,
 Quhen he saw thaim sa ta the plane,
 In gret hy went he thaim agayne,
 With fyve hundre, forowtyn ma,
 Anoyit in hys hart and wa,
 That thai sa fer war passyt by.
 For the KING had said hym rudely,
 That " a rose off hys chaplete
 " Was fallyn ;" for quhar he wes set

530

535

540

545

To

Ver. 526. Editions read :

The best of all the host were they.

Ver. 547. That is a rose of his chaplet, or wreath of flow-

VOL. II.

I

ers :

To kep the way thaise men war past.
 And tharfor he haftyt hym sa fast,
 That cummyn in schort tyme wes he 550
 To the plane feld, with hys menye.
 For he thought that he suld amend
 That he trespassit had, or than end.

And quhen the *Inglis men* hym saw
 Cum on, forowtyn dyn or aw, 555
 And tak sa hardely the plane,
 In hy thai sped thaim hym agane;
 And strak with spurs the steds styth,
 That bar thaim ewyn hard and swyth.
 And quhen the Erle saw that mengye 560
 Cum sa stoutly, to hys said he,
 "Be not abaysit for thair schor,
 "Bot setts spers yow befor.
 "And bak to bak for all your rout
 "And all the spers poynts owt. 565
 "Swa gate us best defend may we,
 "Enweronyt with thaim giff we be."

And as he bad thaim thai haiff done:
 And the tothyr come on alfone.
 Befor thaim all come prykkand 570
 A knycht, hardy of hart and hand,

ers: a proverbial metaphor. The Annalist, ii. 44, strangely
 misfunderstands the passage.

And

And a weile gret lord at hame,
 Schyr GILYAME DE AMECOT wes hys name.
 And prykkyt on thaim hardly,
 And thai met hym swa sturdely, 575
 That he and horsis wes borne doune,
 And slayne rycht thar forowtyn ransoun.
 With *Inglis men* gretly wes he
 Menyt that day, and hys bounté.
 The lave come on rycht sturdely, 580
 Bot nane off thaim sa hardely
 Ruschyt amang thaim, as did he.
 Bot with fer mar maturityé,
 Thai assemblyt all in a rout,
 And enweround thaim all about, 585
 Assaillyand thaim on ilka sid.
 And thai with spers wownds wid
 Gaff till the horsis, that cum thaim ner.
 And thai that ridand on thaim wer,
 That doune war borne, losyt thair lyvis. 590
 And othyr spers, darts, and knyffs,
 And wapynnys on fer maner,
 Kest amang thaim that fechtand wer;
 That thaim defendyt swa wittily,
 That thair fayis had gret ferly. 595
 For sum wald schout out off thair rout,
 And off thaim that assailyt about,

Ver. 573. Editions say Sir William the Hawcourt. From
 the Annals, ii. 44, it appears that *Daynecourt* is the real
 name.

Stekyt steds, and bar down men.
 The *Inglis men* sa rudly then
 Kest amang thaim fuerds and mafs, 600
 That ymyd thaim a monteyle was,
 Off wappnys, that war warpyt thar.
 The Erle and hys thus fechtand war
 At gret myscheyff, as I yow say.
 For fewar, be full fer, war thai 605
 Than thair fayis; and all about
 War enweround: quhar mony rout
 War roucht full dispiteously.
 Thair fayis demanyt thaim full starkly.
 On ayther half thai war sa stad, 610
 For the rycht gret heyt that thai had,
 For fechtyn, and for sonnys het,
 That all thair fies off fwate was wete.
 And sic a stew rais out off thaim then,
 Off ane ding bath off hors and men, 615
 And off powdyr; that sic myrknes
 Intill the ayr abowyne thaim wes,
 That it wes wondre for to se.
 Thai war in gret perplexité.
 Bot with gret trawaill not forthy 620
 Thai thaim defendyt manlily:
 And fet bath will, and strenth and mycht,
 To rusche thair fayis in that fycht,
 That thaim demanyt angryly:
 Bot giff God help thaim hastily, 625

Ver. 616. Powder is dust.

Thai

Thai fall thair fill haiff off fechtynge.
 Bot quhen the nobill renownyt KING,
 With othyr Lords that war hym by,
 Saw how the Erle abandonnly
 Tuk the playne feld, JAMES off DOWGLAS 630
 Come to the KING, rycht quhar he was,
 And faid, "A Schyr! Sanct Mary!
 "The Erle off MURREFF opynly
 "Tayfs the playne feld, with hys menye.
 "He is in perill but he be 635
 "Sone helpyt; for hys fayis ar ma
 "Than he, and horfyt weill alsua.
 "And with your leve I will me speid
 "To help hym, for he has ned;
 "All umbeweround with hys fayis is he." 640
 The KING faid, 'Sa our Lord me fe!
 'A fute till him yow fall not ga.
 'Giff he weill dois, let hym weill ta.
 'Quheyr euir hym happyn to wyn or los,
 'I will not for hym brak purpos.' 645
 "Certs," faid JAMES, "I ma na wifs
 "Se that hys fayis hym surpris,
 "Quhen that I may set help thartill.
 "With your leve sekylly I will
 "Help hym, or dey into the payn." 650
 'Do than, and speid ye sone agayn,'

The KING said. And he held hys way :
Giff he may cum in tyme perfay,
I trow he fall hym help fa weill,
That all hys fayis fall it feill.

655

THE END OF BUKE XI.

THE

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E XII.

ARGUMENT.

*The King of Scotland kills Schir HENRY DE BO-
HUN.—The Erle of MUREF defeats the Inglis
partie.—Kyng ROBERT avisis with his men—
makis a lang speche to thaim.—Thai remain on
armis all nicht.—Next day is the BATTEL OF
BANNOCBURN.—The armies joyn in fecht.—
Dedis of the Erle of MUREF.*

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XII.

NOW DowGLAS furth hys wayis tais;
 And in that selff tyme fell, throw caifs,
 That the king off *England*, quhen he
 Wes cummyn with hys gret menye
 Ner to the place, as I said ar, 5
 Quhar *Scotts men* arayit war,
 He gert areft all hys bataill.
 And othyr alsua to tak consaill,
 Quhar thai wald herbery thaim that nycht;
 Or than but mar ga to the fycht, 10

The waward, that wyft na thing
 Off this areft, na hys duelling,
 Raid to the *Park* all straucht thair way,
 Forowtyn stynting, in gud aray.

And quhen the KING wyft that thai wer 15
 In hale bataill, cummand fa ner,
 Hys

Hys bataill gert he weill aray.
 He raid apon a litill palfray,
 Laucht; and joly arayand
 Hys bataill, with an ax in hand.
 And on hys baffinet he bar
 An hat off tyre aboune ay quhar;
 And tharapon, into taknyng,
 Ane hey crown, that he wes king.

20

And quhen GLOSYSTER and HERFURD war, 25
 With thair bataill, approachand ner,
 Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
 With helm on heid, and sper in hand,
 Schyr HENRY THE BOUNE, the worthy,
 That wes a wycht knycht, and a hardy; 30
 And to the Erle off HERFURD cufyne;
 Armyt in armys gud and fyne;
 Come on a fted, a bow-schote ner,
 Befor all othyr that thar wer.
 And knew the KING, for that he saw 35
 Hym fwa rang hys men on raw;
 And by the crown, that wes set
 Alsua apon hys baffynet.
 And towart hym he went in hy.
 And the KING sua apertly 40

Ver. 18. Editions read:

Himself rade on a gray palfray.

This palfrey, or little horse, Robert only used in arraying
 his army, because more manageable than a war-horse.

Ver. 29. Sir Henry de Bohun.

Saw

Saw hym com, forouth all hys fers,
In hy till hym the hors he fters.

And quhen Schyr HENRY saw the KING

Cum on, forowtyn abayfing,

Till hym he raid in full gret hy. 45

He thocht that he suld weill lychtly

Wyn hym, and haf hym at hys will,

Sen he hym horfyt saw fa ill.

Sprent thai samyn intill a ling.

Schyr HENRY myffit the nobill KING. 50

And HE, that in hys sterapys stod,

With the ax, that wes hard and gud,

With fa gret mayn raucht hym a dynt,

That nothyr hat na helm mycht stynt

The hewy dusche, that he hym gave, 55

That neir the heid till the harnys clave.

The hand-ax schaft fruschynt in twa ;

And he down to the erd gan ga

All flatlynys, for hym faillynt mycht.

This wes the fyrst strak off the fycht, 60

That wes performyst douchtely.

And quhen the KING's men fa stoutly

Saw hym, rycht at the fyrst meting,

Forowtyn dout or abayfing,

Haiff slayne a knyght, fa at a strak, 65

Sic hardyment tharat gan thai tak,

That thai come on rycht hardely.

Quhen *Inglismen* saw thaim fa stoutly

Ver. 49. They *sprang* forward at once, in full and strait career.

Cum

Cum on, thai had gret abaying:
 And specially for that the KING 70
 Sa smertly that gud knycht has slayne;
 That thai withdrew thaim euirilkane;
 And durst not ane abyd to fycht:
 Sa dreid thai for the KING's mycht.

And quhen the KING's men thaim fa 75
 Swa in hale bataill thaim withdraw,
 A gret schout till thaim gan thai mak.
 And thai in hy tuk all the bak;
 And thai that folowit thaim has flane 80
 Sum off thaim that thai haf ourtane.
 Bot thai wer few, forfuth to say,
 Thair hors' fete had all away.
 Bot, how fa quhoynes deyt thar,
 Rebutyt foulily thai war;
 And raid thair gait, with weill mar schame 85
 Be full fer than thai come fra hame.

Quhen that the KING reparyt was,
 That gert hys men all leve the chas,
 The lords off hys cumpany
 Blamyt hym, as thai durst, gretumly, 90
 That he hym put in awentur,
 To mete sa styth a knycht, and stur,
 In sic poynt as he then wes sene.
 For thai said weill, it mycht haiff bene
 Cause off thair tynsaill euir ilkane. 95
 The KING ansuer has maid thaim nane.

Bot

Bot menyt hys hand-ax schaft sua
Wes with the strak brokyn in twa.

The Erle THOMAS wes yeit fechtand
With fayis apou ayther hand, 100

And off thaim a quantité :

Bot wery wes hys men and he.

The quheyr with wapynys sturdely

Thai thaim defendyt manlily ;

Quhill that the DOWGLAS come ner, 105

That sped hym on gret maner.

And *Inglisfen*, that war fechtand,

Quhen thai the DOWGLAS saw nerhand

Thai wandyst, and maid an opyning.

JAMES off DOWGLAS, be thair relyng, 110

Knew that thai war discomfyt ner :

Than bad thaim, that with hym wer,

Stand still, and pres na furthyr mar.

" For thai that yondre fechtand ar,"

He said, " ar off sa gret bounté, 115

" That thair fayis weill sone fall be

" Discomfyt, throw thair awne mycht,

" Thouch na man help thaim for to fycht.

" And come we now to the fechting,

" Quhen thai ar at discomfyting, 120

" Men suld say we thaim fruschyt had ;

" And swa suld thai, that cas has mad

Ver. 97. An unaffected stroke of heroism !

" With

" With gret trawail and hard fechtng,
 " Lofs a part off thair lowing.
 " And it war syne to less thair pryfs, 125
 " That off sa souerane bounte is;
 " And he, throw plane and hard fechtng,
 " Has her eschewyt unlikly thing.
 " He fall haff that he wonyn has."
 The Erle with that, that fechtand was, 130
 Quhen he hys fayis saw brawland sua,
 In hy apon thaim gan he ga:
 And pressyt hym sa wondre fast
 With hard strakys, quhill at the last
 Thai fled that durst abid na mar. 135
 Bath hors and men slane left thai thar;
 And held thair way, in full gret hy,
 Not altogyddyr bot syndryly.
 And thai that war ourtane war slayn;
 The lave went till thair oft agayn, 140
 Off thair tynsaill sary and wa.
 The Erle, that had hym helpyn swa,
 And hys als, that war wery,
 Hynt off thair bassynetts in hy,
 Till awent thaim, for thai war wate, 145
 Thai war all helyt into swate.
 Thaim semyt men, forsuth Ik hycht,
 That had fadyt thair force in fycht;
 And swa did thai full douchtely.
 Thai fand off all thair cumpany 150

Ver. 144, 145. They took off their helmets, to have fresh air.

That

That thar was bot a yuman slayne.
 And lowyt God: and wes full fayne,
 And blyth, that thai eschapyt swa.
 Towart the KING than gan thai ga.
 And till hym weill sone cummyn ar. 155
 He wyttyt at thaim off thair far;
 And gladsum cher to thaim mad,
 For thai sa weill thaim borne had.
 Than all pressyt into gret daynté
 The Erle off MURREFF for to se; 160
 For hys hey worschip, and gret walour,
 All yarnyt to do hym honour.
 Sa fast thai ran to se hym thar,
 That ner all samyn assemblit ar.

And quhen the gud KING gan thaim se 165
 Befor him swa assemblyt be;
 Blyth and glad, that thair fayis war
 Rabutyt apon sic maner;
 A litill quhill he held hym still;
 Syne on this wyfs he said hys will. 170

Ver. 155, 156. The MS. by a mistake arising from an omission, in a transcript of two columns, being taken into the wrong column, here inserts lines 169, 170.

A litill quhill he held hym still;
 Syne on this wyfs he said hys will.

But they are quite foreign to this passage; and the editions rightly place them before the speech of Robert.

“ Lordings,

- " Lordings, we aucht to love and luff
 " Almychty God, that sitts abuff,
 " That sends us sa fayr beginnyng.
 " It is a gret discomforting
 " Till our fayis, that on this wyfs 175
 " Sa sone has bene rabutyt twifs.
 " For quhen thai off thair oft fall her,
 " And knaw suthly on quhat manner
 " Thair waward, that wes sa stout;
 " And syne yone othyr joly rout, 180
 " That I trow off the best men war,
 " That thai mycht get amang thaim thar,
 " War rabutyt sa sedanly;
 " I trow, and knawis it full clerly,
 " That mony a hart fall wawerand be, 185
 " That semyt er off gret bounté.
 " And, fra the hart be discumfyt,
 " The body is not worth a myt.
 " Tharfor I trow that gud ending
 " Sall folow till our begynnyng. 190
 " And quheyr I say not this yow till,
 " For that ye suld folow my will
 " To fycht: bot in yow all fall be.
 " For giff yow thinks speidfull that we
 " Fecht; we fall: and, giff ye will, 195
 " We leve; your liking to fulfill.

Ver. 171. To *love* or *lofe* is to praise; *lof*, *laus*. Belg.
 et Isl. To *luff* is to *love*.

Ver. 193. That is, 'but all this shall be as you chuse.'

" I fall

" I fall consent, on all kyn wyfs,
 " To do, ryght as ye will dewyfs.
 " Tharfor sayis off your will planly."
 And with a woce than gan thai cry: 200
 ' Gud KING ! forowtyn mar delay,
 ' To morne alsone as ye se day,
 ' Ordane yow hale for the bataill;
 ' For doute of dede we fall not fail.
 ' Na na payn fall refusyt be, 205
 ' Quhill we haiff maid our cuntré fre !'

Quhen the KING had hard sa manlily
 Thai spak to fechting, and sa hardely,
 In hart gret glaidschaip gan he ta.
 And said, " Lordings, sen ye will sua, 210
 " Schaip we us tharfor in the mornyng,
 " Swa that we, be the sone ryfing,
 " Haff herd mefs; and buskyt weill
 " Ilk man intill hys awn eschell,
 " Without the pailyownys, arayit 215
 " In bataillis, with baners displayit.
 " And luk ye na wyfs brek aray.
 " And, as ye luff me, I yow pray
 " That ilk man for hys awne honour,
 " Purway hym a gud baneour. 220
 " And, quhen it cumys to the fycht,
 " Ilk man fet hart, will, and mycht,

Ver. 210. This long speech of the king's is far from being void of martial eloquence, and peculiarly adapted to the time, and to the hearers.

- " To flynt our fayis' mekill prid.
 " On horsis thai will arayit rid;
 " And cum on yow in full gret hy. 225
 " Mete thaim with spers hardely.
 " And think than on the mekill ill,
 " That thai and thairs has done us till;
 " And ar in will yeit for to do,
 " Giff thai has mycht to cum tharto. 230
 " And certs me think weill that ye
 " Forowt abayfing aucht to be
 " Worthy, and off gret wasselags.
 " For we haiff thre gret awantags.
 " The fyrst is, that we haiff the rycht; 235
 " And for the rycht ay God will fycht.
 " The tothyr is, that thai cummyn ar,
 " For lyppynnyng off thair gret powar,
 " To sek us in our awne land;
 " And has broucht her, rycht till our hand, 240
 " Ryches into sa gret quantité,
 " That the powereft off yow fall be
 " Bath ryche, and mychty tharwithall,
 " Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.
 " The thred is, that we for our lyvys, 245
 " And for our childre, and for our wywis,
 " And for ovr fredome, and for our land,
 " As strenyeit into bataill stand.
 " And thai, for thair mycht anerly,
 " And for thai lat off us leychtly, 250
 " And for thai wald destroy us all,
 " Maisis thaim to fycht: bot yeit may fall
 " That

" That thai fall rew thair barganyng.
 " And certs I warne yow off a thing
 " That happyn thaim, as God forbed 255
 " That déyt on roid for mankyn heid !
 " That thai wyn us opynly,
 " Thai fall off us haf na mercy.
 " And, sen we knaw thair feloun will,
 " Methink it suld accord to skill, 260
 " To set stoutnes agayne felony ;
 " And mak sa gat a juperty.
 " Quharfor I yow requer, and pray,
 " That with all your mycht, that you may,
 " Ye pres yow at the beguining, 265
 " Bot cowardys or abayfing,
 " To mete thaim at thair fyrst assemble
 " Sa stoutly that the henmaist tremble.
 " And menys off your gret manheid,
 " Your worschip, and your douchty deid ; 270
 " And off the joy that we abid,
 " Giff that us fall, as weill may tid,
 " Hap to wencufs this gret bataill.
 " In your handys without fayle
 " Ye ber honour, price, and riches ; 275
 " Fredome, welth, and blythnes ;
 " Giff ye contene ye manlily.
 " And the contrar all halyly
 " Sall fall, giff ye lat cowardys
 " And wykkytnes yow suppriss. 280
 " Ye mycht haf lewynt into threldome.
 " Bot, for ye yarnyt till haff fredome,

" Ye ar assemblyt her with me.
 " Tharfor is nedfull that ye be
 " Worthy and wycht, but abayfing. 285
 " And I warne yow weill off a thing;
 " That mar meyscheiff may fall us nane,
 " Than in thair handys to be tane:
 " For thai suld slaw us I wate weill
 " Rycht as thai did my brothyr NELE. 290
 " Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes,
 " And off the mony gret prowes,
 " That ye haf doyne fa worthely;
 " I traift, and trowis sekyrly,
 " To have plane wictour in this fycht. 295
 " For thouch our fayis haff mekill mycht,
 " Thai haf the wrang, and succudry,
 " And cowardys of senyowry,
 " Amowys thaim forowtyn mor.
 " Na us thar dreid thaim, bot befor; 300
 " For strenth off this place, as ye se,
 " Sall let us enweronyt to be.
 " And I pray yow als specially,
 " Bath mar and les commonaly,
 " That nane off yow for gredynes 305
 " Haff ey to tak off thair ryches;
 " Na prisoners for to ta;
 " Quhill ye se thaim contreryt fa,

Ver. 300. That is, 'Nor can we have any cause to apprehend their attacking us, but in front:' the ground was so well chosen.

" That

" That the feld anerly yowrs be.
 " And than, at your liking, may ye 310
 " Tak all the ryches that thar is.
 " Giff ye will wyrk apon this wyfs,
 " Ye fall haiff wictour sekryly.
 " I wate not quhat mar fay fall I.
 " Bot all wate ye quhat honour is ; 315
 " Contene thaim on sic awifs,
 " That your honour ay favyt be.
 " And Ik hycht her in leauté,
 " Giff ony deys in this bataille,
 " Hys ayr, but ward, releff, or taile, 320
 " On the fyrst day fall weld ;
 " All be he neuir sa young off eld.
 " Now makys yow redy for to fycht.
 " God help us, that is maift off mycht !
 " I rede armyt all nycht that we be, 325
 " Purwayit in bataill swa, that we
 " To mete our fayis ay be boune."
 Than anfueryt thai all, with a soun,
 ' As ye dewifs all fall be done.'
 Than till thair innys went thai sone ; 330
 And ordanyt thaim for the fechting.
 Syne assemblyt in the ewynyng,
 And swa gat all the nycht bad thai,
 Till on the morn that it wes day.

Quhen the CLYFFURD, as I said ar, 335
 And all hys rout, rabutyt war ;

And thair gret waward alsua,
 War distrenyeit the bak to ta;
 And thai had tauld thair rebuting,
 Thai off the waward, how the KING 340
 Slew at a strak, sa apertly,
 A knycht, that wycht wes and hardy;
 And how all hale the KING's bataill
 Schup thaim rycht stoutly till assaill;
 And Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE alsua; 345
 Quhen thai all hale the bak gan ta:
 And how thai left off thair men.
 And CLYFFURD had tauld alsua then,
 How THOMAS RANDALL tuk the plane,
 With a few folk; and how wes flane 350
 Schyr GILYAME DAINECOURT the worthy.
 And how the Erle faucht manly,
 That, as ane hyrchoune, all hys rout
 Gert set owt spers all about;
 And how that thai war put agayne, 355
 And part off thair gud men slayne.
 The *Inglis* sik abaysing
 Tuk, and sik dreid off that tithyng,
 That in fyve hundre plaes and ma
 Men mycht se samyn routand ga; 360
 Sayand, "Our lords, for thair mycht,
 "Will allgate fycht agane the rycht.
 "Bot quhafa werrayis wrangwyfly,
 "Thai fend God all to gretummly.
 "And thaim mycht happyn to mysfall. 365
 "And swa may tid that her we fall."

And

And quhen thair lordys had persawing
 Off discumfort, and rownnyng,
 That thai held samyn twa and twa;
 Throw out the oft than gart thai ga 370
 Heralds, to mak a crye,
 That nane discumfort fuld be;
 For in punye is oft happyne
 Quhile for to wyn, and quhill to tyne.
 And that into the gret bataille, 375
 That apon na maner may faill.
 Bot giff the *Scotts* fley thair way,
 Sall all amendyt be perfay.
 Tharfor thai monyft thaim to be
 Off gret worchip, and off bounté; 380
 And stoutly in the bataill stand,
 And tak amendys at thair hand.

Thai may weill monyfs as thai will:
 And thai may hecht als to fulfill,
 With stalwart hart, thair bidding all, 385
 Bot not forthy I trow thai fall
 Intill thair harts dredand be.
 The King, with hys cunsaill priué,
 Has tane to rede, that he wald noucht
 Fecht or the morne, that he war focht. 390
 Tharfor thai herberyd thaim that nycht
 Doune in the *Kers*. And gert all dycht,
 And maid redy thair apparail
 Agayne the morne, for the bataill.

And, for in the *Kers* pulis war, 395
 Houffis thai brak, and thak bar,
 To mak bryggs, quhar thai mycht pafs.
 And sum sayis yeit the folk that was
 In the castell quhen nycht gan fall,
 For that thai knew the meyscheiff all, 400
 Thai went full ner all that thai war,
 And durs and wyndowis with thaim bar;
 Swa that thai had, befor the day,
 Briggitt the puls; swa that thai
 War passyt our ilkane all hale, 405
 Arayit intill thair apparail.

The *Scottsmen*, quhen it wes day,
 Thair mes devoutly gert thai say.
 Syne tuk a fop: and maid thaim yar.
 And quhen thai all assemblyt war; 410
 And in thair bataillis all purwayit,
 With thair braid baners all displayit,
 Thai maid knychts; as it affers
 To men that usys thais mysters.
 The KING maid WALTRE STEWART knycht;
 And JAMES off DOWGLAS, that wes wycht: 416
 And othys als off gret bounté
 He maid, ilk ane in thair degre.

Ver. 395. *Pulis* are *pools*.

Ver. 407. The day of the battle of Bannocburn, 24th June, 1314. A plan of this battel may be found in Nimmo's history of Stirlingshire.

Ver. 409. A fop is a flight meal, probably of Scottish portage, oat-meal and water boiled.

Quhen

Quhen this wes doyne, that I yow say,
 Thai went all furth in gud aray : 420
 And tuk the plane full apertly.
 Mony gud man, wycht and hardy,
 That war fulfillt off gret bounté,
 Intill thaife routs men mycht se.

The *Inglis men*, on othyr party, 425
 That as angelis schane brychtly,
 War not arayit on sic maner :
 For all thair bataills samyn wer
 In a schilthrum. Bot quheythir it was
 Throw the gret stretnes off the place 430
 That thai war in, to bid fechting ;
 Or that it wes for abayfing ;
 I wate not. But in a scheltrum
 It semyt thai war all and sum ;
 Owtane the awaward anerly, 435
 That rycht with a gret cumpany,
 Be thaim selwyn, arayit war.
 Quha had bene by mycht haff sene thar
 That folk ourtak a mekill feld
 On breid ; quhar mony a schynand scheld, 440
 And mony a burnyft brycht armur,
 And mony man off gret walur,
 Mycht in that gret scheltrum be sene ;
 And mony a brycht baner and schene.

Ver. 429. From Hearne's Robert of Gloucester it appears
 that a *schiltrum* is an host ranged in a round form.

And

And quhen the King off *Ingland* 445
 Saw the *Scotts* sa tak on hand,
 Takand the hard feld opynly,
 And apon fute, he had ferly;
 And said, "Quhat! will yone *Scotts* fycht?"
 'Ya sekырly!' said a knycht, 450
 (Schyr *INGRAME* the *UMPHRAWEILL* hat he,
 And said) 'Forfuth now, Schyr, I fe,
 'It is the mast ferlyfull fycht
 'That euir I saw, quhen for to fycht
 'The *Scotts men* haff tane on hand: 455
 'Agayne the mycht off *Ingland*,
 'In plane hard feld, to giff bataill.
 'Bot, an ye will trow my cunsaill,
 'Yow fall discomfyt thaim lychtly.
 'Withdrawis yow hyne sedanly, 460
 'With bataillis, and with penownys,
 '[Quhyle that we pas ovr paliounys;]
 'And ye fall se alfone that thai,
 'Magre thair lordys, fall brak aray,
 'And scaile thaim our harnayis to ta. 465
 'And, quhen we see thaim scailyt sua,
 'Prik we than on thaim hardely,
 'And we fall haff thaim weill lychtly.
 'For than fall nane be knyt to fycht,
 'That may withstand your mekill mycht.' 470
 "I will not," said the King, "perfay,
 "Do sa: for thar fall na man fay

Ver. 462. Wanting in MS.

"That

“ That I fall eschew the bataill,
 “ Na withdraw me for sic rangaile.”

Quhen this wes said, that er said I, 475
 The *Scotts men* commonnaly
 Knelyt all doun, to God to pray.

And a schort prayer thar maid thai
 To God, to help thaim in that fycht.
 And quhen the *Inglis King* had fycht 480
 Off thaim kneland, he said in hy,
 “ Yone folk knele to ask mercy.”

Schyr INGRAHAME said, ‘ Ye say suth now.
 ‘ Thai ask mercy: but nane at yow,
 ‘ For thair trespas to God thai cry. 485
 ‘ I tell yow a thing sykyrly,

‘ That yone men will all wyn or de.
 ‘ For doute off dede thai fall not fle.’
 “ Now be it fa than ! ” said the King.

And than, but langar delaying, 490
 Thai gert trump till the assemblé.
 On aythir sid men mycht than se
 Mony a wycht man, and worthy,
 Redy to do chewalry.

Thus war thai boune on aythir sid. 495
 And *Inglismen*, with mekill prid,
 That war intill thair awaward,
 To the bataill that Schyr EDUARD
 Gouvernyt and led, held straucht thair way.

The hors with spurs hardynyt thai; 500
 And prykkyt apon thaim sturdely;
 And thai met thaim rycht hardyly.

Swa

Swa that, at thair assemble thar,
 Sik a frusching off spers war,
 That fer away men mycht it her, 505
 That at that meting forowtyn wer.
 War steds stykyt mony ane;
 And mony a gud man borne doune and flane;
 And mony hardy men, and douchty,
 Wes thar eschewyt for hardely. 510
 Thai dang on othyr with wapnys fer.
 Sum off the horsis, that stekyt wer,
 Ruschyt, and relyt rycht rudlye.
 Bot the remanand not forthy,
 That mycht come to the assembling, 515
 For that let maid na stynting.
 Bot assemblyt full hardely;
 And thai met thaim full sturdyly,
 With spers that war scharp to scher,
 And axys that weill groundyn wer; 520
 Quharwith wes roucht mony a rout.
 The fechting wes thar sa fele and stout,
 That mony a worthy man, and wycht,
 Throw foris wes fellyt in that fycht,
 That had na mycht to ryfs agane. 525
 The *Scottsman* fast gan thaim payne.
 Thair fayis mekill mycht to frusch,
 I trow thai fall na payn refuse,
 Na perill, quhill thair fayis be
 Set in weill hard perplexité. 530
 And quhen the Erle off MURREFF swa
 Thair waward saw, sa stoutly, ga
 The way to Schyr EDUARD all fraucht,
 That met thaim with full mekill maucht;
 He

He held hys way, with hys baner,
 To the gret rout quhar samyn wer
 The nyne bataills, that war sa braid;
 That sa fele baners with thaim haid,
 And off men swa gret quantité,
 That it war wondre for to se.

535

540

The gud Erle thyddyr tuk the way
 With hys bataill, in gud aray.
 And assemblyt sa hardely,
 That men mycht her, that had bene by,
 A gret frusch off the spers that braist:
 For thair fayis assemblit fast,
 That on steds, with mekill prid,
 Come prikkand, as thai wald ourrid
 The Erle, and all hys cumpany.
 Bot thai met thaim sa sturdely,
 That mony off thaim till erd thai bar.
 For mony a sted wes stekyt thar;
 And mony gud man fellyt undre fet,
 That had na hap to ryfs up yete.
 Thar mycht men se a hard bataill,
 And sum defende, and sum assaile;
 And mony a reale romble rid
 Be roucht, thar apon aythir sid;
 Quhill throw the byrnyfs bryft the blud,
 That till erd doune stremand yhude.
 The Erle off MURREFF, and hys men,
 Sa stoutly thaim contenyt then,
 That thai wan place, ay mar and mar,
 On thair fayis; quheyr thai war

545

550

555

560

Ay

Ay ten for ane, or mar, perfay ; 565
 Swa that it femyt weill that thai
 War tynt, amang sa gret menye,
 As thai war plungyt in the se.
 And quhen the *Inglis men* has sene
 The Erle, and all hys men, bedene 570
 Faucht sa stoutly, but effraying,
 Rycht as thai had nane abaying ;
 Thaim pressyt thai with all thair mycht.
 And thai, with spers and fuerds brycht,
 And axis that rycht scharply schar, 575
 Ymydds the wesage, met thaim thar.
 Thar mycht men se a stalwart stout ;
 And mony men off gret walour,
 With spers, mafes, and knyffs,
 And othyr wapynys, wyffyllyt thair lyvis : 580
 Swa that mony fell doune all dede.
 The greyfs woux with the blud all reid.
 The Erle, that wycht wes and worthy,
 And hys men, faucht sa manlily,
 That quhasa had sene thaim that day, 585
 I trow forsuth that thai suld fay
 That thai suld do thair dewor wele,
 Swa that thair fayis suld it fele.

THE END OF BUKE XII.

THE

THE

B R U C E.

B U K E XIII.

ARGUMENT.

BATTEL OF BANNQCBURN CONTINUIT.—*Dedis of STUART and DOUGLAS.—Rage of the fecht.—The Scotys sh swayns appear in array —The Inglis flee.—Deth of Schyr GILES DE ARGYNTYNE.—DOUGLAS persews the Inglis King.—The Erle of HEREFURD is savit in Bothwel castel.—Gret riches of the Inglis camp.—Escape of the Inglis King.—Bothwell takin; and the Erle of HEREFURD exchanged for the Quein, and her daughter.—K yng ROBERT ravagis Northumberland.*

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XIII.

QUHEN thir twa fyrst bataills wer
 Assemblyt, as I said yow er,
 The STEWART, WALTRE that then was,
 And the gud Lord als off DOWGLAS,
 In a bataill, quhen that thai saw 5
 The Erle, forowtyn dreid or aw,
 Assembill with hys cumpany
 On all that folk sa sturdely,
 For till help thaim thai held thair way:
 And thair bataill, in gud aray, 10
 Thai assemblyt sa hardly
 Besid the Erle, a littill by,
 That thair fayis feld thair cumyn weille.
 For with wapynys stalwart of stele
 Thai dang apon, with all thair mycht. 15
 Thair fayis refawyt wele, Ik hycht,
 With swerds, spears, and with mase.
 The bataill thair sa feloun was,
 And swa rycht gret spilling of blud,
 That on the erd the slouffis stud. 20

VOL. II.

L

The

The *Scotts*men sa weill thaim bar,
 And swa gret slauchter maid thai thar,
 And fra sa fele the lyvis rewyt,
 That all the feld bludy wes lewyt.

That tyme thir thre bataills wer, 25
 All sid be syd, fechtand weill ner,
 Thar mycht men her mony dint,
 And wapynys apon armurs stynt.
 And se tumble knychts, and feds,
 And mony rych and reale weds 30
 Defoulyt foully undre fete.
 Sum held on loft; sum tynt the snet.
 A lang quhill thus fechtand thai war;
 That men na noyis mycht her thar,
 Men hard noucht, but granys; and dynts 35
 That flew fyr, as men flayis on flynts.
 Thai faucht ilkane sa egrely,
 That thai maid na noyis na cry,
 Bot dang on othyr at thair mycht,
 With wapnys that war burnyft brycht. 40
 The arowys alsua thyk thar flaw,
 That thai mycht say weill, that thaim saw,
 That thai a hydwyfs schot gan ma:
 For quhar thai fell, Ik undreta,
 Thai left, eftre thaim, taknyng 45
 That fall ned, as I trow, leching.

The *Inglis* archers schot sa fast,
 That mycht thair schot haff ony last,

It

It had bene hard to *Scotts*men.

Bot King ROBERT, that wele gan ken, 50

That thair archers war peralloufs,

And thair schot rycht hard and grewoufs,

Ordanyt, forowth the assemblé

Hys marschell, with a gret menye,

Fyve hundre armyt into stele, 55

That on lycht hors war horfyt weille,

For to pryk amang the archers ;

And swa assaile thaim with thair spers,

That thai na layfer haiff till schute.

This marischell that Ik of mute, 60

That Schyr ROBERT off KEYTH was cauld,

As Ik befor her has yow tauld,

Quhen he saw the bataills swa

Assembill, and togyddir ga,

And saw the archers schoyt stoutly ; 65

With all thaim off hys cumpany,

In hy apon thaim gan he rid.

And ourtuk thaim at a sid ;

And ruschyt amang thaim sa rudly,

Stekand thaim sa dispitously, 70

And in sic fusown berand doune,

And slayand thaim, forowtyn ransoun ;

That thai thaim scalyt euirilkane.

And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane

That assemblyt schot to ma. 75

Quhen *Scotts* archers saw that thai sua

War rebutyt, thai woux hardy,

And with all thair mycht schot egrely

Among the hors-men, that thair raid;
 And wounds wyd to thaim thai maid: 80
 And slew off thaim a full gret dele.
 Thai bar thaim hardely and wele.
 For fra thair fayis archers war
 Scalit, as I said till yow ar,
 That ma na thai wer, be gret thing, 85
 Swa that thai dreid not thair schoting;
 Thai woux fa hardy, that thaim thought
 Thai fuld set all thair fayis at noucht.

The mersshell, and hys cumpany,
 Was yheit, as to yow er said I, 90
 Among the archers, quhar thai maid
 With spers rowme, quhar that thai raid;
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta.
 And thai weill lychtly mycht do sua:
 For thai had noucht a strak to stynt, 95
 Na for till hald agayne a dynt.
 And agayne armyt men to fycht
 May nakyt men haiff litill mycht.
 Thai scalyt thaim on sic maner,
 That sum to thair gret bataill wer 100
 Withdrawyn thaim, in full gret hy:
 And sum war fled all utrely.

Bot the folk that behind thaim was,
 That for thair awne folk had na space,

Ver. 85. That is, 'that were more (numerous) than they
 (the Scottish archers).'

Yheyt

Yheyt to cum to the assembling, 105
 On agayne smertly gan thai ding.
 The archers that thai met fleand,
 That then war maid sa recreand,
 That thair harts war tynt clenly,
 I trow thai fall not schute gretly 110
 The *Scotts men* with schote, that day.
 And the gud KING ROBERT, that ay
 Was fellyt off full gret bounté,
 Saw how that hys bataills thre
 Sa hardely assemblyt thar, 115
 And sa weill in the fycht thai bar;
 And swa fast on thair fayis gan ding,
 That hym thought nane had abayfing;
 And how the archers war scalyt then;
 He wes all blyth. And till hys men 120
 Hef aid, " Lordings, now luk that ye
 Worthy, and off gud cowyne be,
 " At thys assemble, and hardy.
 " And assembill sa sturdely
 " That nathing may befor yow stand. 125
 " Our men ar sa freschly fechtand
 " That thai thair fayis has grathyt sua,
 " That be thai pressyt, Ik undreta,
 " A litill fayster, ye fall se
 " That thai discomfyt sone fall be." 130

Quhen
 That

Ver. 130. Editions add fourteen lines.

Now go we on them so hardily,
 And ding on them so doughtily,

Quhen this wes said, thai held thair way,
 And on ane feld affemblyt thai
 Sa stoutly, that at thair cummyng
 Thair fayis war ruschyt a gret thing.
 Thar mycht men se men felly fycht; 135
 And men, that worthy war and wycht,
 Do mony worthy wassellage.
 Thai faucht, as thai war in a rage,
 For quhen the *Scotts* archery
 Saw thair fayis sa sturdely 140
 Stand into bataill, thaim agayne;
 With all thair mycht, and all thair mayne,
 Thai layid on, as men out off wyt.
 And quhar thai, with full strak, mycht hyt,
 Thar mycht na armur stynt thair strak. 145
 Thai to fruchyt that thai mycht ourtak.

That they may feil at our coming
 That we them hate in meikle thing.
 For great cause they have us made,
 That occupied our lands brade;
 And put all to subjection.
 Your goods they made all theirs common,
 Our kin and friends, for thair awn,
 Dispiteously hanged and drawn:
 And would destroy us, if they might.
 But I trow God, through his foresight,
 This day has granted us his grace
 To wreck us on thaim in this place.

They are certainly better out; and it is suspected that the author had at first inserted them, but upon an after revision, perceiving the speech too long for the occasion, had cancelled them, as they are not in the MS.

And

And with axys such dufches gave,
 That thai helmys, and heds, clave.
 And thair fayis rycht hardely
 Met thaim, and dang on thaim doughtely, 150
 With wapynys that war styth off stele.
 Thar wes the bataill strekyt weill.
 Sa gret dyn thar wes off dynts,
 As wapynys apon armur stynts ;
 And off spers sa gret bresting ; 155
 And sic thrang, and sic thryfting ;
 Sic gyrnyng, granyng ; and sa gret
 A noyis, as thai gan othyr beit :
 And ensenyeys on ilka fid :
 Gewand, and takand, wownds wid : 160
 That it wes hidwyfs for to her.
 All four thair bataills with that wer
 Fechtand, in a frount halyly.
 A mychty God ! how doughtely
 Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, and hys men, 165
 Amang thair fayis contenyt thaim then !
 Fechtand in sa gud cowyne,
 Sa hardy, worthy, and sa fyne,
 That thair waward ruschyt was ;
 And, maugre thairis, left all the place : 170
 And till thair gret rout, to warand,
 Thai went ; that tane had apon hand
 Sa gret anoy, that thai war effrayit,
 For Scotts, that thaim hard assaiyt ;
 That than war in a schiltrum all. 175
 Quha hapnyt into that fycht to fall,

I trow agayne he suld not ryfs.
 Thar mycht men se, on mony wyfs,
 Hardements eschewit doughtely :
 And mony, that wycht war and hardy, 180
 Sone liand undre fete all dede ;
 Quhar all the feld off blud wes rede.
 Armys, and quhytyfs, that thai bar,
 With blud wes sa defoulyt thar,
 That thai mycht not descryfit be. 185
 A mychty God ! quha then mycht se
 That STEWART, WALTRE, and hys rout,
 And the gud DOWGLAS, that wes sa stout,
 Fechtand into that stalwart stour ;
 He suld say that till all honour 190
 Thai war worthy, that, in that fycht,
 Sa fast preffyt thair fayis mycht,
 That thaim ruschyt quhar thai yeid.
 Thar men mycht se mony a steid
 Fleand on stray, that lord had nane. 195
 A Lord ! quha then gud tent had tane
 Till the gud Erle off MURREFF,
 And hys, that sa gret routs geff,
 And faucht sa fast in that bataill,
 Tholand sic paynys, and trawaill, 200
 That thai and thairs maid sic debat,
 That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.

Ver. 183. *Quhytys* are *coats* : the word is disfigured by an odd orthography.

Thar

Thar mycht men her enfeynyeis cry :
 And *Scotts* men cry hardely,
 " On thaim ! On thaim ! On thaim ! Thai faile !"
 With that sa hard thai gan assaile, 206
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta.
 And the *Scotts* archers alsua
 Schot amang thaim sa deleuerly,
 Engrewand thaim sa gretumly, 210
 That quhat for thaim, that with thaim faucht,
 That swa gret rowts to thaim raucht,
 And pressyt thaim full egrely ;
 And quhat for arowis, that fellonly
 Mony gret wounds gan thaim ma, 215
 And slew fast off thair hors alsua ;
 That thai wandyst a litill wei.
 Thai dreid sa gretly than to dey,
 That thair cowyn wes wer and wer :
 For thai, that fechtand with thaim wer, 220
 Set hardement, and strenth, and will,
 And hart, and corage als, thartill ;
 And all thair mayne, and all thair mycht,
 To put thaim fully to the flycht.

In this tyme, that I tell off her, 225
 At that bataill, on this maner,
 Wes srykyn, on ayther party
 That war fechtand enforcely ;
 Yomen, and swanys, and pitaill,
 That in the *Park* yemyt wictaill, 230
 War

War left ; quhen thai wyft but lesing
 That thair lords with full fychtyng
 On thair fayis assemblyt war ;

Ane off thair felwyn that war thar
 Capitane off thaim all thai maid.

235

And schets, that war sum dele braid,
 Thai festnyt insteid off baners,
 Apon lang treys and spers.

And said that thai wald se the fycht ;
 And help thair lords at thair mycht.

240

Quhen her till all assentyt wer,
 In a rout assemblit er,

Fyften thowfand thai war, or ma.

And than in gret hy gan thai ga,

With thair baners, all in a rout,

245

As thai had men bene styth and stout.

Thai come, with all that assemblé,

Rycht quhill thai mycht the bataill se ;

Than all at anys thai gave a cry,

“ Sla ! sla ! Apon thaim hastily ! ”

250

And tharwith all cummand war thai :

Bot thai war wele fer yete away.

And *Inglis men*, that ruschyt war

Throw foris off fycht, as I said ar,

Quhen thai saw cummand, with sic a cry,

255

Towart thaim sic a cumpany,

That thaim thought weill als mony war,

As that wes fechtand with thaim thar ;

And thai befor had not thaim sene ;

Than wit ye weill, withowtyn wene,

260

Thai

Thai war abayfit fa gretumly,
 That the best and the maist hardy,
 That war intill thair oft that day,
 Wald with thair menfk haf bene away.

The King ROBERT, be thair relying, 265
 Saw thai war ner at discomfiting,
 And hys ensenye gan hely cry.
 Than, with thaim off hys cumpany,
 Hys fayis he pressyt fa fast that day,
 Thai wer intill fa gret effray, 270
 That thai left place, ay mar and mar.
 For all the *Scotts-men* that thar war,
 Quhen thai saw thaim eschew the fycht,
 Dang on thaim with all thair mycht,
 That thai scalyt thaim in troplis fer; 275
 And till discomfytur war ner.
 And sum off thaim fled all planly.
 Bot thai, that wycht war and hardy,
 That schame lett yt to ta the flycht,
 At gret myscheiff mantenynt the fycht; 280
 And stythly in the stour gan stand.
 And quhen the King off *England*
 Saw hys men fley, in syndry place,
 And saw hys fayis rout, that was
 Worthyn fa wycht, and fa hardy, 285
 That all hys folk war halyly
 Sa stonayit, that thai had na mycht
 To stynt thair fayis in the fycht;

He

He wes abaysit fa gretumly,
 That he, and hys cumpany, 290
 Fyve hundre, armyt all at rycht,
 Intill a frusch all tok the flycht;
 And to the castell held thair way.
 And yheit haiff Ik hard som men say,
 That off WALLENCE Schyr AYMÉR, 295
 When he the feld saw wencussyt ner,
 Be the reyngye led away the King,
 Agayne hys will, fra the fechting.
 And quhen Schyr GYLIS the ARGENTE'
 Saw the King thus, and hys menyne, 300
 Schap thaim to fley fa spedely,
 He come rycht to the King in hy,
 And said, " Schyr, sen it is sua
 " That ye thus gat your gat will ga,
 " Hawys, gud day! For agayne will I. 305
 " Yheit fled I neuir sekyrly.
 " And I cheyfs her to bid, and dey;
 " Than for to lyve schamly, and fley."

Hys brydill, but mar abad,
 He turnyt; and agayne he rad. 310
 And on EDUARD the BRUYSS' rout,
 That wes fa sturdy, and fa stout,
 As dred off na kyn thing had he,
 He prikyt; cryand, " The ARGENTE'!"
 And thai with spers swa hym met, 315
 And swa fele spers on hym set,

That

That he and horfs war chargyt swa,
 That bathe till the erd gan ga.
 And in that place thar slayn wes he.
 Off hys deid wes ryght gret pité. 320
 He wes the thrid best Knycht, perfay,
 That men wyft lewand in hys day.
 He ded mony a fayr journey.
 On *Sarysynys* thre derenyys faucht he :
 And, intill ilk derenye off tha, 325
 He wencuslyt *Sarysynys* twa.

Hys gret worschip tuk thar ending.
 And fra Schyr AYMER with the King
 Wes fled, wes nane that durft abid ;
 Bot fled scalyt on ilka fid. 330
 And thair fayis thaim pressyt fast.
 Thai war, to say suth, swa agast,
 And fled sa fast, ryght effrayitly,
 That off thaim a full gret party
 Fled to the watre off *Forth* ; and thar 335
 The maist part off thaim drownyt war.
 And *Bannok burne*, betwix the brays,
 Off men, off horfs, swa stekyt wais,
 That, apon drownyt horfs, and men,
 Men mycht pass dry outour it then. 340
 And ladds, swanys, and rangail,
 Quhen thai saw wencuslyt the bataill,
 Ran amang thaim ; and sa gan sla,
 As folk that na defens mycht ma,

That

That war pitté for to se. 345
 Ik hard neuir quhar, in na countré,
 Folk at swa gret myscheiff war stad.
 On ane sid thai thair fayis had,
 That slew thaim doun, forowtyn mercy :
 And thai had, on the tothyr party, 350
Bannok burne, that sua cumbyrsum was,
 For flyk and depnes for to pas,
 That thar mycht nane outour it rid :
 Thaim worthys, maugre thairs, abid.
 Swa that sum slayne, sum drownyt, war : 355
 Mycht nane eschap that euir come thar.
 The quheyr mony gat away,
 That ellys war fled as I fall say.

The King, with thaim he with hym had,
 In a rout till the castell rad, 360
 And wald haff bene tharin, for thai
 Wyft not quhat gat to get away.
 Bot PHILIP the MOWBRAY said hym till,
 ‘ The castell, Schyr, is at your will.
 ‘ Bot cum ye in it, ye fall se 365
 ‘ That ye fall sone affegyt be.
 ‘ And thar fall nane off *England*
 ‘ To mak yow rescourfs tak on hand.
 ‘ And, but rescours, may na castell
 ‘ Be haldyn lang, ye wate this weill. 370

Ver. 358: That fled otherwise.

Ver. 360. Of Stirling.

‘ Tharfor

' Tharfor comfort yow, and rely
 ' Your men about yow rycht starkly;
 ' And halds about the *Park* your way,
 ' Rycht als sadly as ye may.
 ' For I trow that nane fall haff mycht, 375
 ' That chaffys, with sa fele to fycht.'

And hys cunsaill thai haff doyne;
 And benewth the castell went thai sone,
 Rycht by the *Round Table* away;
 And syne the *Park* enweround thai; 380
 And towart *Lithkow* held in hy.
 Bot I trow thai fall hastily
 Be conweyit with sik folk, that thai,
 I trow, mycht suffre weill away.
 For Schyr JAMES Lord off DOWGLAS 385
 Come to the KING, and askyt the chace;
 And he gaff hym it, but abaid.
 Bot all to few off hors he haid:
 He had not in hys rout sexty.
 The quheyr he sped hym hastily 390
 The way estyr the King to ta.
 Now lat hym on hys wayis ga;

Ver. 379. The Round Table is an artificial mount near Stirling castle. Chivalry, universal over Europe from the twelfth century, spread romantic names in most countries. In Britain Arthur's fabulous exploits were predominant. Nimmo, in his history of Stirlingshire, mentions a round artificial mount still existing in the gardens of Stirling castle, and seems rightly to imagine that it is here implied by Barbour.

And

And eftre this we fall weill tell
 Quhat hym, intill the chace, befell.

Quhen the gret bataill on this wyfs 395
 Wes difcomfyt, as Ik dewyfs,
 Quhar threty thoufand weill war ded;
 Or drownyt in that ilk fted;
 And fum war intill hands tane;
 And othyr fum thair gat war gane; 400
 The Erle off HERFURD, fra the mellé,
 Departyt with a gret mengye;
 And ftraucht to *Bothwell* tok the way,
 That than in the *Ingliſh mennys* fay
 Wes, and haldyn as place off wer. 405
 Schyr WALTRE GILBERTSON wes ther
 Capitane, and it had in ward.
 The Erle of HEREFURD thyddyrward
 Held, and wes tane in, our the wall;
 And fyfty off hys men with all; 410
 And fet in houffis fyndryly
 Swa that thai had thar na miſtry.
 The lave went towart *Ingland*.
 Bot off that rout, I tak on hand,
 The thre parts war flane or tane. 415
 The lave with gret payn hame ar gane.

Schyr MAWRICE alſua the BERCLAY
 Fra the gret bataill held hys way,
 With a gret rout off *Walis men*.
 Quhareuir thai yeid men mycht thaim ken, 420
 For

For thai wele ner all nakyt war;
 Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.
 Thai held thair way in full gret hy.
 Bot mony off thair cumpany,
 Or thai till *Ingland* come, war tane;
 And mony als off thaim war slayne.

425

Thar fled als othyr wayis fer.
 Bot to the castell, that wes ner,
 Off *Strewillyne* fled sic a mengye,
 That it war wondre for to se.
 For the craggs all helyt war
 About the castell, her and thar,
 Off thaim, that for strenth off that fled,
 Thyddyrwart to warrand fled.
 And for thai war sa fele that thar
 Fled undre the castell war,
 The KING ROBERT, that wes witty,
 Held in hys gud men ner hym by,
 For drede that ris agayne fuld thai.
 This wafs the caufs, for suth to say,
 Quharthrouch the King off *Ingland*
 Eschapyt hame, intill hys land.

430

435

440

Quhen that the feld sa clene wes maid
 Off *Inglis men*, that nane abaid,

Ver. 421. This anecdote of the Welch, in the fourteenth century, is curious. They appeared naked even to Scottish peasants.

VOL. II.

M

The

The *Scotts men* sone tuk in hand 445
 Off thair's all that euir thai fand;
 That mony man mychty wes maid
 Off the rychys, that thai thar haid.

Quhen this wes doyne, that her say I,
 The KING fend a gret cumpany 450
 Up to the crag thaim till assaile,
 That war fled fra the gret bataill,
 And thai thaim yauld forowtyn debate,
 And in hand has tane thaim sute hate.
 Syne to the KING thai went thair way. 455
 Thai dispendyt haly that day
 In spulyeing, and ryches takyng,
 Fra end wes maid off the fychting.
 And quhen thai nakyt spulyeit war,
 That war flane in the bataill thar, 460
 It wes forfuth a gret ferly
 To se samyn sa fele dede ly.
 Twa hundre payr of spurs reid
 War tane off knychts that war deid.
 The Erle off GLOSYSTRE ded wes thar, 465
 That men callyt Schyr GILBERT of CLAR.
 And GYLIS de ARGENTE' alsua;
 And PAYN TYPONTS; and othys ma;
 That thair namys not tell can I.
 And, apon *Scotts menys* party, 470

Ver. 454. Editions read:

And them in hand they took full hait.

Thar

45 Thar wes slayne worthy knychts twa;
 WILYAME the WEPOYNT wes ane off tha;
 And Schyr WALTRE off ROSS ane othyr,
 That Schyr EDUARD, the KINGS brothyr,
 Luffyt, and had in sic daynté 475
 That as hymselff hym luffyt he.
 50 And quhen he wyft that he wes ded,
 He wes fa wa, and will off reide,
 That he said, makand iwill cher,
 That hym war lewer that journey wer 480
 Undone, than he swa ded had bene.
 455 Owtakyn hym men has not sene
 Quhar he, for ony man, maid menyng.
 And the caus wes off hys luffyng,
 That he hys systre per amours 485
 Luffyt, and held all at rebours
 460 Hys awne wyff dame YSABELL.
 And tharfor sa gret distance fell
 Betwix hym, and the Erle DAWY
 Off ATHOLE, brothyr to this lady, 490
 That he apon Sayint Thomys nyght,
 465 Quhen bath the Kings war boune to fycht,
 In *Camyskynnell* the KINGS wictaill
 He tuk; and sadly gert assaile
 Schyr WILLYAM of KETH, and hym slew; 495
 And with hym men ma then ynew.
 470 Tharfor syne intill *Ingland*
 He wes bannyft; and all hys land

Ver. 493. 'Cambuskenneth;' ed.

M 2

Wes

Thar

Wes sefyt as forfaut to the KING,
That did tharof syne hys liking.

500

Quhen the feld, as I tauld yow ar,
Wes dispulyeit, and left all bar,
The KING, and all hys cumpany,
Blyth and joyfull, glaid and mery,
Off the grace that thaim fallyn was,
Toward thair innys thair wayis tais,
To rest thaim fer thai werie war.

505

Bot for the Erle GILBERT off CLAR,
That slayne wes in the bataill place,
The KING sum dele anoyit was:
For till hym wele ner sib was he.

510

Then till a kyrk he gert hym be
Broucht, and walkyt all that nycht.
And on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
The KING raifs as hys wills was.

515

Than an *Ingliš* knycht, throw cafs,
Hapnyt that he yeid wawerand,
Swa that na man laid on hym hand,
In a busk he with hys armyng,
And waytyt quhill he saw the KING
In the morne cum forth arly:

520

Till hym than is he went in hy.
Schyr MARMEDUK TWEMYNE he hycht.
He raykyt till the KING all rycht,
And halyft hym apoun hys kne.

525

"Welcum, Schyr MARMEDUK," said he;

"To

“ To quhat man art thou presoner ? ”

‘ To nane,’ he said, ‘ bot to yow her.

‘ I yeld me at your will to be.’

“ And I reslave ye, Schyr,” said he.

53

Then gert he tret hym curtasly.

He duelt lang in hys cumpany ;

And syne till *Ingland* hym send he,

Arayit weile, but ransoun, fre ;

And geff hym gret gyffts tharto.

535

A worthy man that sua wald do,

And mak hym gretly for to prise !

Quhen MARMYDUK, apon this wyfs,

Was yoldyn, as Ik to yow fay,

Than come Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY, 540

And to the KING yauld the castell.

Hys cunnand hes he haldyn well.

And with hym tretyt sua the KING,

That he belewyt off hys duelling ;

And held hym lely hys fay,

545

Quhill the last end off hys lyff day.

Now will we off the Lord DOWGLAS

Tell, how that he folowit the chafs.

He had to quhene in hys cumpany ;

Bot he sped hym in full gret hy.

550

And as he throuch the *Torwod* fur,

Sa met he ridand on the mur

Schyr LAURENCE off ABERNETHY,

That, with twenty-four in cumpany,

M 3

Come

Come for till help the *Inglistmen*; 555
 For he was *Inglistman* yet then.
 But quhen he hard how that it wes,
 He left the *Inglist mennys* pefs;
 And to the Lord DOWGLAS rycht thar
 For to be lele and trow he swar. 560

And than thai bath folowit the chafs;
 And or the King off *England* was
 Passyt *Lythkow*, thai come sa ner,
 With all the folk that with thaim war,
 That weill amang thaim swyth thai mycht; 565
 Bot thai thought thaim to few, to fycht
 With the gret rout, that thai had thar:
 For fyve hundre armyt thai war.
 Togyddir farraly raid thai;
 And held thaim apon bridill ay. 570
 Thai war gouernyt wittily;
 For it semyt ay thai war redy
 For to defend thaim, at thair mycht,
 Giff thai assailyt war in fycht.
 And the Lord off DOWGLAS, and hys men, 575
 How that he wald not schaip hym then
 For to fycht with thaim all planly,
 He conwayit thaim sa narowly,
 That off the henmaist ay tuk he:
 Mycht nane behind hys fallowis be 580
 A penneftane cast, na he in hy
 Wesdede, or tane deleuerly,

Ver, 581. As far as a quoit can be thrown.

That

That nane recours wald till him ma,
 Although he lewyth hym neuir sua.

On this maner conwoyit he 585
 Quhill that the King, and hys menye,
 To *Wenchburg* all cummyn ar.
 Than lychtyt all that thai war,
 To bayt thair hors, that wer wery.
 And *Dowglas*, and hys company, 590
 Baytyt alsua besid thaim ner.
 Thai war sa fele withoutyn wer,
 And in armys sa clenly dycht,
 And swa arayit for to fycht;
 And he sa quhoynes, and but supleyng; 595
 That he wald not, in plane fechting,
 Assaile thaim: bot ay raid thaim by,
 Waytand hys poynt ay ythandly.

A litill quhill thai baytyt thar:
 And syn lap on; and furth thai far; 600
 And wes alwayis by thaim ner:
 He leyt thaim not haff sic layser,
 As anys watre for to ma.
 And giff ony stad war sa
 That he behind left ony space, 605
 Seysyt alsone in hand he wes.
 Thai conwoyit thaim on sic awis
 Quhill that the King, and hys rout, is

Ver. 587. Wynchbrugh on the west of the river Cramond,
 between Linlithgow and Edinburgh.

Cummyne to the castell off *Dunbar*;
 Quhar he, and sum off hys menyne, war 610
 Refawyt ryght weile; for yete than
 The Erle PATRIK wes *Inglyfman*.
 That gert with mete, and drynk alsua,
 Refresche thaim weill: and syne gert ta
 A bate; and send the King be se, 615
 To *Bawmburgh*, in hys awne countré.
 Thair hors thar left thai all on stray;
 Bot sesyt I trow weill sone war thai:
 The lave, that lewyth thar without,
 Adressyt thaim intill a rout, 620
 And till *Berwik* held straucht thair way
 In route: botand we suth say,
 Stad thai war full narrowly,
 Or thai come thar. Bot noucht forthy
 Thai come to *Berwik* weill; and thar 625
 Into the toune reslawyt war;
 Ellys at gret myscheiff had thai bene.
 And quhen the Lord off DOWGLAS has sene
 That he had lesyt all hys payne,
 Towart the KING he went agayne. 630

This King eschapyt on this wyfs.
 Lo quhat fadyng in fortoun is!
 That will apon a man quhill smyle;
 And prik on hym syne anothyr quhill.

Ver. 616. Banborough.

In

In na tyme stable can sche stand.

635

This mychty King off *England*

Sche had fet on hyr quheill, on hycht,

Quhen, with sa ferlyfull a mycht,

Off men, off armys, and archers,

And off fute-men, and hobilers,

640

He come ; ridand out off hys land,

As I befor hafe borne on hand.

And in a nycht syne, and a day,

She fet hym in sa hard assay,

That he, with few men, in a bate

645

Wes fayne for till hald hame hys gate.

Bot off this ilk quhely's turnyng
King ROBERT fuld mak na murnyng.

For on hys syd the quheyle on hycht

Raifs, quhen the tothyr doun gan lycht.

650

And that it undre lawth was ar,

Mon lep on loft in the contrar.

Sa fure it off thir Kings twa.

Quhen the King ROBERT stad was swa

That in gret myscheiff wes he,

655

The tothyr was in maiefté.

And quhen the King EDUARD's mycht

Was lawyt, King ROBERT wes on hycht :

And now sic fortoun fell hym till,

That he wes hey and at hys will.

660

At *Strewillyne* wes he yeyt liand ;

And the gret lords, that he fand

Ded

Ded in the feld, he gert bery
 In haly place honorabilly.
 And the lave syne, that dede war thar, 665
 Into gret pytts erdyt war.
 The castell, and the towrs, syne
 Rycht till the ground doune gert he myn.

And syne to *Bothwell* send he
 Schyr EDUARD, with a gret menye; 670
 For thar wes than send to hym word
 That the ryche Erle off HERFORD,
 And othys mychty als, war thar.
 Sa tretyt he with Schyr WALTRE,
 That Erle, and castell, and the lave, 675
 In Schyr EDUARD's hand he gave.
 And till the KING the Erle send he,
 That gert hym rycht weill yemit be.
 Quhill at the last thai tretyt swa
 That he till *Ingland* hame suld ga, 680
 Forowtyn paying off ransoume, fre;
 And that for hym suld changyt be
 Byschop ROBERT that blynd was maid;
 And the Queyne, that thai takyn haid
 In presoune, as befor said I; 685
 And hyr douchtre dame MAIORY.
 The Erle wes changyt for thir thre.
 And, quhen thai cummyn war hame all fre,

Ver. 683. Robert Wishart Bishop of Glasgow. This patriotic bishop died in 1316.

The

The King hys douchtre, that wes far,
 And wes als aperand ayr, 690
 With WALTRE STEWART gan he wed.
 And thai wele sone gat off thair bed
 A knaw child, throw our Lord's grace,
 That eftre hys gud eld fathyr wes
 Callyt ROBERT; and fyne wes King; 695
 And had the land in gouerning,
 Eftyr hys worthy eyme DAWY;
 That regnyt twa yer and fourty.
 And in the tyme off the compiling
 Off this buk, this ROBERT wes KING, 700
 And off hys kynryk passyt wes
 FYVE yer; and wes the yer of grace
 A THOUSAND, THRE HUNDRE, SEUENTY
 And FYVE; and off hys eld SIXTY.
 And that wes eftre that the gud KING, 705
 ROBERT, wes broucht till hys ending,
 FYVE and FOURTY wintres, bot mar.
 God grant that thai that cummyn ar
 Off hys offspring manteyne the land,
 And hald the folk wele to warand! 710
 And maynteyne rycht, and leawté
 As weill as, in hys tyme, did he!

Ver. 693. A *knave child*, a boy.

Ver. 695. Robert II. the first of the Stuarts, reigned from 1371 till 1390.

Ver. 706. Robert the Great, the hero of this poem, who died 7th June 1329.

KING

KING ROBERT now wes well at hycht,
 For ilk day than grew hys mycht.
 Hys men woux rych: and hys cuntré 715
 Haboundyt weill off corne, and fe;
 And off alkyn othyr ryches.
 Myrth, and solace, and blythnes,
 War in the land commonaly,
 For ilk man blyth war and joly. 720

The KING, eftre the gret journé,
 Throw rede off hys consaill priué,
 In fer tounys gert cry on hycht,
 That quha sa clemyt till haff rycht
 To hald in *Scotland* land, or fe, 725
 That in thir twelfmoneth suld he
 Cum, and clam yt; and tharfor do
 To the KING that pertenynt tharto.
 And giff thai cum not in that yer,
 Than suld thai wit, withowtyn wer, 730
 That hard thareftre nane suld be.
 The KING, that wes off gret bounté,
 And besynes, quhen this wes done,
 Ane oft gert sum mound eftre sone.
 And went thaim intill *England*; 735
 And our raid all *Northummyrland*.
 And brynt housis; and tuk thair pray;
 And syne went hame agayn thair way.

Ver. 732. November 1314.

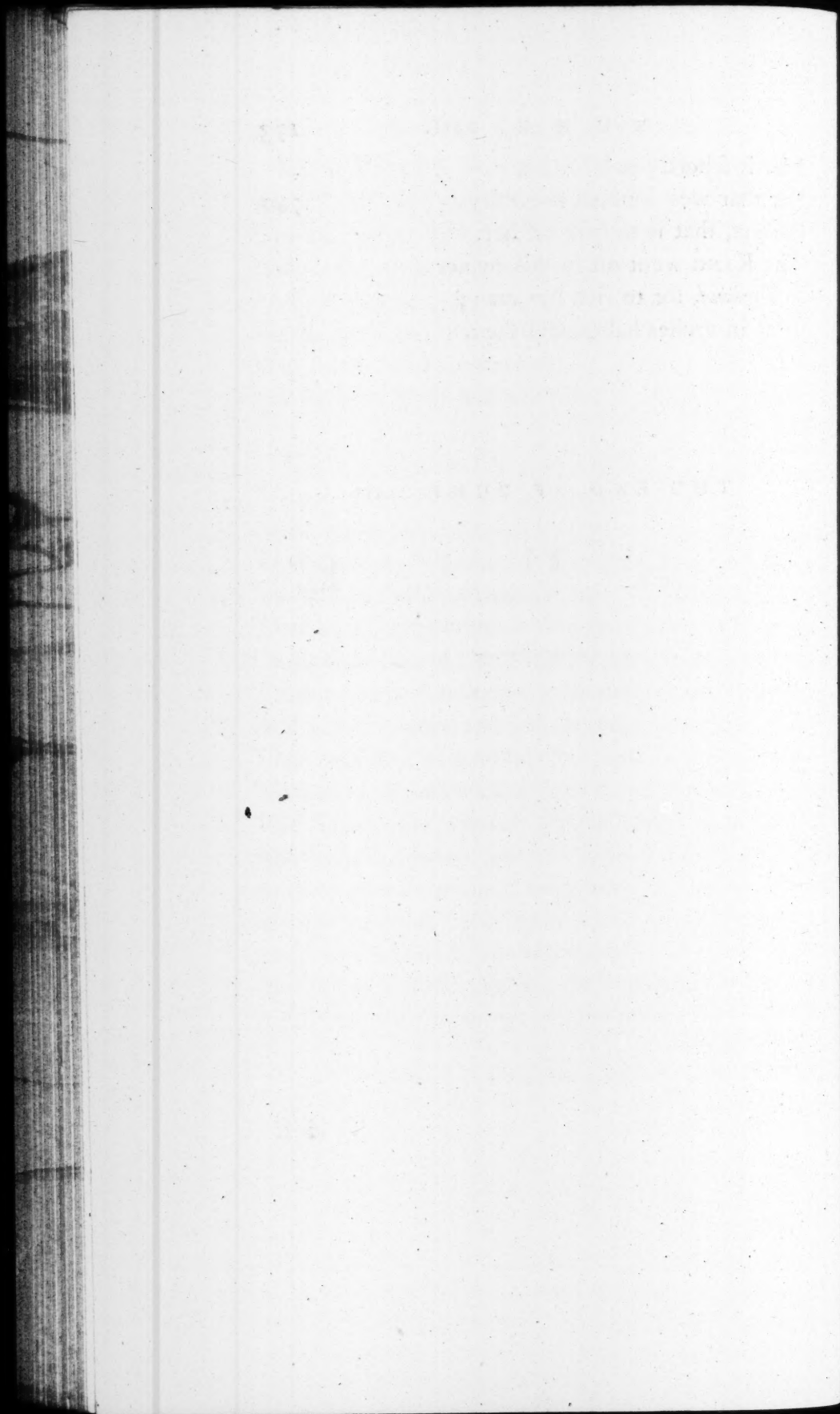
I lat

I lat it schortly pafs for by,
For thar wes done na chewalry
Prowyt, that is to spek off her.
The KING went oft in this maner
In *England*, for to rich hys men;
That in ryches haboundyt then.

740

THE END OF BUKE XIII.

THE



THE
B R U C E.

B U K E XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Thilk twa bukes followand, and half the neist, are cheiflie occupyit with the actiouns of EDWARD DE BRUYSE in Ireland.—Erl EDWARD gaes to Ireland, be invitation of the Irishry—wins a battel neir Craigfergus.—The Erl of MUREF gets for hym the pass of Endnellan.—Erl EDWARD ganis the battel of Dundalk.—Thrid battel near Cogners, wun be Erl EDWARD agayn Schyr RICHARD DE CLARE, lufetenand of Ireland.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XIV.

THE Erle off CARRIK, Schyr EDUARD,
 That stoutar wes than a libbard,
 And had na will to be in pefs,
 Thocht that *Scotland* to litill wes
 Till hys brodyr, and hym alsua. 5
 Tharfor to purpos gan he ta
 That he of *Irland* wald be king.
 Tharfor he fend and had tretying
 With *Hysfery* off *Irland*;
 That in thair leawté tuk on hand 10
 Off all *Irland* to mak hym king.
 With thy that he with hard fychting
 Mycht ourcum the *Inglistmen*,
 That in the land war wonnand then;

Ver. 1. Edward Bruce now appears with the title of Earl of Carrick. His actions in Ireland, May 1315 to October 1318, occupy this and the next book, and half of the xvith.

Ver. 9. *Hysfery*, or *Erschery*, are wild Irish: it is added 'of Ireland,' to distinguish them from the highlanders or Irish of Scotland, also called *Erschery* by our poet.

VOL. II.

N

And

And thai suld help with all thair mycht. 15
 And he that hard thaim mak sic hycht,
 Intill hys hart had gret liking:
 And, with the consent off the KING,
 Gadryt hym men off gret bounté.
 And at *Ayr* fyne schippyt he, 20
 Intill the neyft moneth off May.
 Till *Irland* held he straucht hys way.

He had thar in hys cumpany
 The Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy;
 And gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY, 25
 That sekyr wes in hard assay;
 Schyr IHONE the SOULLS, ane gud knycht;
 And Schyr IHONE STEWART, that wes wycht.
 The RAMSAY als off *Ouchtre boufs*,
 That wes wycht and chewalroufs; 30
 And Schyr FERGUS off ADROSSANE:
 And othyr knychts mony ane.

In *Wokings fyrth* arywyt thai
 Sauffly, but bargane or assay:
 And send thair schyppys hame ilkane. 35
 A gret thing haff thai undretane,

Ver. 21. On the 25th May, 1315. *Annals*.

Ver. 24. Thomas Randel, Earl of Moray.

Ver. 33. I am not sufficiently versed in Irish topography
 to trace accurately Edward's progress in Ireland: but this
 port must have been near Carrickfergus.

That,

That, with fwa quhoynes as thai war thar,
 That war sex thowfand men, but mar,
 Schuip to werray all *Irland*,
 Quhar thai fall fe mony thowfand 40
 Cum armyt on thaim for to fycht.
 Bot thought thai quhone war, thai war wycht.
 And, forowt drede or effray,
 In twa bataills tuk thair way
 Towart *Cragfergus*, it to fe. 45
 Bot the lords off that countré,
 MANDWEILL, BESAT, and LOGANE,
 Thair men affemblyt euirilkane.
 The SAWAGES war alsua thar.
 And quhen thai affemblyt war, 50
 Thar war wele ner twenty thowfand.
 Quhen thai wyft that intill thair land
 Sic a mengue aryvyt war,
 With all the folk that thai had thar,
 Thai went towart thaim in gret hy. 55
 And fra Schyr EDUARD wyft futhly
 That ner to hym cummyn wer thai,
 Hys men he gert thaim wele aray.
 The awaward had the Erle THOMAS;
 And the rerward Schyr EDUARD's was. 60

Thair fayis approchyt to the fechting;
 And thai met thaim but abayfing.

Ver. 49. The Savages were a powerful family in Ireland.
 The editions erroneously imply this term to be given laxly to
 the people, 'savages.'

Thar mycht men se a gret mellé :
 For Erle THOMAS, and hys menyne,
 Dang on thair fayis sa douchtely, 65
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 An hundre, that all bloody war.
 For hobynys, that war stykyt thar,
 Relyt, and flang, and gret rowme mad,
 And kest thaim that apon thaim rad. 70
 And Schyr EDUARD's cumpany
 Assemblyt syne sa hardely,
 That thai thair fayis ruschyt all.
 Quha hapnyt in that fycht to fall,
 It wes perill off hys ryfing. 75
 The *Scotts men* in that fychting
 Swa apertly, and wele, thaim bar,
 That thair fayis fwa ruschyt war,
 That thai haly the flycht has tane.
 And in that bataill wes tane or flane 80
 All hale the flur off *Ullyster*.
 The Erle off MURREFF gret prife had ther,
 For hys worthy chewalry
 Comfort all hys cumpany.

This wes a full fayr beginnyng ; 85
 For, newlings at thair arywing,

Ver. 68. Hobynys are war or carriage horses ; strong
 horses. Barbour, in most of his battle pieces, seems fond of
 representing the confusion caused by the wounded steeds.

Ver. 81. *Ullyster* is Ulster.

In

In plane bataill thai discomfyt thar
Thair fayis, that four ay for ane war.

Syne to *Cragfergus* ar thai gane,
And in the toune hes innys tane.

The castell weill wes stuffyt then
Off new with wictaill, and with men.

Thartill thai set a sege in hy.

Mony eschewe full apertly

Wes maid, quhill thar the sege lay:

Quhill trewys at the last tuk thai.

90

95

Quhen that the folk off *Hallyster*
Till hys pefs haly cummyn wer,

Schyr EDDUARD wald tak on hand

To rid furth further in the land.

Off the Kings off that countré,

That come till hym, and maid fewté,

Weyll ten or twalf, as Ik hard fay;

Bot thai held hym schort quhill thair fay.

For twa off thaim; ane MAKGULLANE,

And ane othyr hat MAKARTANE,

Withset a pass intill hys way,

Quhar hym behowyt ned away,

With twa thowfsand off men with spers,

And als mony off thair archers.

And all the catell off the land

War drawyn thyddar to warand.

Men callys that place *Innuermallane*:

In all *Irland* straytar is nane.

100

105

110

For Schyr EDUARD that kepyt thai; 115
 Thai thocht he suld not thar away.
 Bot he hys wiage sone hes tane;
 And straucht towart the pass is gane.
 The Erle off MURREFF, Schyr THOMAS,
 That put hym fyrst ay till assayis, 120
 Lychtyt on fute, with hys menye,
 And apertly the pase tuk he.
 Thir *Irish* Kings I spak off ar,
 With all the folk that with thym war,
 Let hym rycht sturdely: bot he 125
 Assaylyt swa with hys menye,
 That mawgre thairs, thai wan the pass.
 Slayn off thair fayis many thar was.
 Throw out the wod thaim chassyt thai;
 And selyt in sic fusione the pray, 130
 That all the folk off thair oft war
 Refreschynt weill, ane wouk or mar.

At *Kilsagart* King EDUARD lay;
 And wele sone he has hard fay
 That at *Dundalk* wes assemblé 135
 Maid off the lords off that cuntré.
 In oft thai war assemblyt thar.
 Thar wes fyrst Schyr RICHARD of CLAR,
 That in all *Irland* lufftenande
 Was off the King off *Ingland*; 140

Ver. 133. *Kilsagart* I cannot find.

The

The Erle off DESMOND als wes thar;
 And the Erle alsua off KILDAR;
 The BREMAN, and WODOUNE,
 That war lords off gret renowne;
 The BUTLER alsua thar was;
 And Schyr MORYSS LE FYSS THOMAS.

145

Thai with thair men ar commyn thar:
 A rycht gret oft forfuth thai war.
 And Schyr EDUARD wyft futhly
 That thai war swilk chewalry.
 Hys oft in hy he gert aray;
 And thyddyrwarts tuk the way:
 And ner the toune tuk hys herbery.
 Bot for he wyft all wittily
 That in the toune war mony men,
 Hys bataills he arayit then;
 And stud arayit in bataill,
 To kep thaim giff thai wald assaile.

150

155

And quhen that Schyr RICHARD of CLAR,
 And othyr lords that war thar,
 Wyft that the *Scottismen* sa ner
 With thair bataillis wer,
 Thai tuk to consaile that that nycht,
 For it wes layt, thai wald not fycht:
 Bot on the morne, in the mornyng,
 Weile sone eftre the sone ryfing,
 Thai suld isch furth all that thar war.
 Tharfor that nycht thai did na mar:

160

165

Bot herberyt thaim, on aythir party.
 That nycht the *Scotts* company 170
 War wachyt weill, rycht all at nycht.
 And on the morne, quhen day wes lycht,
 In twa bataills thai thaim arayit.
 Thai stude with baners all displayit,
 For the bataill all redy boun. 175
 And thai, that war within the toun,
 Quhen sone wes rysyn schenand cler,
 Send furth off thaim that within wer,
 Fyfty, to se the contenyng
 Off *Scotts men*, and thair cummyng. 180
 And thai raid furth, and saw thaim sone;
 Syne come agane withowtyn hone.

And quhen thai samyn lychtyt war,
 Thai tauld thair lords, that war thar,
 That *Scotts men* semyt to be 185
 Worthy and off gret bounté.
 Bot thai ar not, withowtyn wer,
 Haff dell a dyner till us her.
 The lordys had off this tithing
 Gret joy, and gret recomforting. 190
 And gert men throw the cité cry
 That all fuld arme thaim hastily.

Quhen thai war armyt, and purwayit;
 And for the fycht all hale arayit;
 Thai went thaim furth in gud aray. 195
 Sone with thair fayis assemblyt thai;
 That

That kepyt thaim rycht hardily,
 The flour begouth thar cruelly,
 For aythir part set all thair mycht
 To rusche thair fayis in the fycht; 200
 And with all mycht on othyr dang.
 The stalwart flour lefyt wele lang,
 That men mycht na persave, na se,
 Quha maist that thar abowe suld be.
 For fra sone estre the sone ryffing, 205
 Quhill estre myd morne, the fechting
 Lefyt intill sik a dout.
 Bot than Schyr EDUARD, that wes stout,
 With all thaim off hys cumpany,
 Schot apon thaim sa sturdely, 210
 That thai mycht thole na mar the fycht.
 All in a frusche thai tuk the flycht.
 And thai folowyt full egrely:
 In all the toun commonaly
 Thai entryt, bath entre mellé. 215
 Thar men mycht feloune slauchtre se:
 For the rycht nobill Erle THOMAS
 That with hys rout folowyit the chafs,
 Maid swilk a slauchtre in the toun,
 And swa feloune occisioun, 220
 That thais rewys all bludy war
 Off slayne men, that war liand thar.

The lords war gottyn all away.
 And quhen the toun, as I yow say,

Ver. 221. *Rewys* are streets: *rues*, Fr.

Wes

Wes throw gret force off fechtng tane, 225
 And all thair fayis fled or slayne;
 Thai herberyt thaim all in the toun.
 Quhar off wictaill wes sic fusioun,
 And swa gret haboundance off wyne,
 That the gud Erle had dowtyne 230
 That off thair men suld drunkyn be,
 And mak in drunkynes foim mellé.
 Tharfor he maid off wyne leveré
 To ilk man, that he payit suld be,
 And thai had all yneuch perfay. 235
 That nycht rycht weill at ese war thai;
 And rycht blyth off the gret honour
 That thaim befell for thair walour.

Eftyr this fycht thai soiournyt thar
 Into *Dundalk*, thre dayis but mar. 240
 Syne tuk thai suthwards thair way.
 The Erle THOMAS wes forouth ay.
 And, as thai raid throw the countré,
 Thai mycht apon the hyllis se
 Swa mony men, it wes ferly. 245
 And quhen the Erle wald sturdely
 Drefs hym to thaim with hys baner,
 Thai wald fley all that thar wer;
 Swa that in fycht not ane abaid.
 And thai suthwards thair wayis raid 250
 Quhill till a gret forest come thai,
Kylrose it hat, as lk hard say.

Ver. 252. *Kylrose* is also unknown to the editor.

And

And thai tuk all thair herbery thar.
 In all this tyme RICHARD off CLAR,
 That wes the King's luftenand 255
 Off the barnage off *Irland*,
 A gret oft he assemblyt had.
 Thai war fyve bataills, gret and braid,
 That focht Schyr EDUARD and hys men.
 Weill ner hym war thai cummyn then. 260
 He gat sone witring that thai wer
 Cummand on hym; and war fa ner.
 Hys men he dreslyt, thaim agayn,
 And gert thaim stoutly to the playn.
 And syne the Erle thaim come to se; 265
 And Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY send he,
 And Schyr IHONE STEWART went alsua,
 Furth to discouer the way thai ta.

Thai saw the oft sone cum at hand;
 Thai wer to gefs fyfty thowfsand. 270
 Hame till Schyr EDUARD raid thai then,
 And said weill thai war mony men.
 He said agayne, "The ma thai be,
 "The mar honour all out haff we,
 "Giff that we ber us manlily. 275
 "We ar fet her in jupartie
 "To wyn honour, or for to dey.
 "We ar to fer fra hame to fley.
 "Tharfor lat ilk man worthy be.
 "Yone ar gadryngs off this countré; 280
 "And

“ And thai fall fley, I trow, lychly,
 “ And men affaile thaim manlily.”

All said than that thai weile suld do.
 With that approchand ner thaim to
 The bataills come, redy to fycht ; 285
 And thai met thaim with mekill mycht ;
 That war ten thowfsand worthy men.
 The *Scotts men* all on fute war then,
 And thai on stedys trappyt weile ;
 Sum helyt all in irne and stele. 290

Bot *Scotts men*, at thair meting,
 With spers perfynt thair armyng ;
 And stekyt horsis, and men down bar.
 A feloun fechting wes then thar.
 I cannot tell thair strakys all ; 295
 Na quha in fycht gert othyr fall.
 Bot in schort tyme, Ik undreta,
 Thai off *Irland* war conqueryt sua,
 That thai durst than abid na mar ;
 Bot fled scalyt, all that thai war. 300
 And levyt in the bataill sted
 Weill many off thair gud men ded.
 Off wappnys, armyng, and dede men,
 The feld wes hely strowyt then.

That gret oft rudly ruschyt was : 305
 Bot Schyr EDUARD let na ma chas.

Bot

Bot with prifouners, that thai had tane,
 Thai till the woud agayne ar gane :
 Quhar that thair harnayfs levyt wer.
 That nycht thai maid thair men gud cher ; 310
 And lovyt God fast off hys grace.
 The gud knycht, that fa worthy was,
 Till JUDAS MACHABEUS mycht
 Be liknyt weill, into that fycht ;
 Forfuk na multitud off men, 315
 Quhill he had ane aganys ten.

Thus I said RICHARD off CLAR,
 And hys gret oft, rebutyt war.
 Bot he about hym not forthy
 Was gaderand men ay ythenly. 320
 For he thought yheit to cower hys cast:
 It angyrryt hym rycht ferly fast,
 That twifs intill bataill wes he
 Discomfyt, with a few menye.

And *Scotts men*, that to the forest 325
 War rydand, for to mak thair rest,
 All thais twa nychts thar thai lay,
 And maid thaim myrth, solace, and play.

Towart *Ydymfy* syne thai raid.
 Ane *Irſche* King, that ayth haid maid 330

Ver. 329. *Ydymfy* is unknown. Editions read *Endroſſy*.

To

To Schyr EDUARD off fewté,
 For forouth thar hym presyt he,
 To se hys land, that na wiçtaill,
 Na noucht, that mycht thaim help, fuld fail.
 Schyr EDUARD trowyt in hys hycht; 335
 And with hys rout raid thyddir rycht.
 A gret rewyr he gert hym pafs;
 And in a rycht fayr place, that was
 Lawch by a bourne, he gert thaim ta
 Thair herbery: and said he wald ga 340
 To ger men wiçtaill to thaim bring.
 He held hys way, but mar duelling:
 For to betraifs thaim wes hys thought.
 In sic a place he hes thaim broucht,
 For off twa journais weill, and mar, 345
 All the catell withdrawyn war.
 Swa that thai in that land mycht get
 Nathing that worth war for till ete.
 With hungyr he thought thaim to feblis,
 Syne bryng on thaim thair enemyfs. 350

This fals traytour's men had maid,
 A litill quhar he herbryit had
 Schyr EDUARD and the *Scottifmen*,
 The ischow off a louch to den;
 And leyt it out into the nycht. 355
 The watre than, with swilk a mycht,

Ver: 345. That is, the cattle were removed to a distance of two days' march.

On

On Schyr EDUARD's men com doun,
 That thai in perill war to droun.
 For or thai wyft on flot war thai;
 With mekill payn thai gat away :
 And held thair lyff, as God gaff grace.
 Bot off thair harnys tynt thar was.
 He maid thaim na gud feft, perfay;
 And not forthy yneuch had thai.
 For thouch thaim failyt off the mete,
 I warn yow weill thai war wele wet.

360

365

In gret distrefs thar war thai stad :
 For gret default off mete thai had.
 And thai betwix rewers twa
 War fet; and mycht pas nane off tha.
 The *Bane* that is ane arm off the se,
 That with hors may not passyt be,
 Wes betwix thaim, and *Hullyster*.
 Thai had bene in gret perill ther;
 Ne war a scowmar off the se,
 THOMAS off DOWNE hattyn wes he,
 Hard that the oft sa straytly than
 Was stad; and salyt up the *Ban*,
 Quhill he come wele ner quhar thai lay.
 Thai knew hym wele, and blyth war thai.

370

375

380

Ver. 363, 364. 'He gave them no good entertainment, in faith, and yet they had enough.'

Ver. 371. The river Boyne?

With

With four schyppis, that he had tane,
 He set thaim our the *Ban* ilkane.
 And quhen thai com in biggit land,
 Wiſtaill and mete yneuch thai fand.
 And in a wod thaim herberyth thai; 385
 Nane off the land wyſt quhar thai lay.
 Thei eſyt thaim, and maid gud cher.
 Intill that tym beſid thaim wer
 With a gret oſt Schyr RYCHARD off CLAR;
 And othyrſ gret off *Irland* wer 390
 Herbyryth in a foreſt ſyd.
 And ilk day thai gert men ryd,
 To bryng wiſtaill on ſer manerys
 To thaim, fra the toun off *Coigners*;
 That wele ten gret myle wes thaim fra. 395
 Ilk day, as thai wald cum and ga,
 Thai come to the *Scotts* oſt ſa ner,
 That bot twa myle betwix thaim war.
 And quhen the Erle THOMAS perſawing
 Had off thair cummyng and thair ganging, 400
 He gat hym a gud cumpany,
 Thre hundre on horſs, wycht and hardy;
 Ther wes Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 And Sir JOHN STEWART als perſay;
 And Schyr ALANE STEWART alſua, 405
 Schyr ROBERT BOLD; and othyr ma.

Ver. 383. 'Biggit land' is land where there were houſes or buildings.

Ver. 394. *Coyners. Annals.*

Thai

Tha raid to mete the wictalers,
 That with thair wictall fra *Coigners*
 Come haldand to thair oft the way.
 Swa sedanly on thaim schot thai,
 That thai war sua abaysit all,
 That thai leyt all thair wapnys fall;
 And mercy pitoufly gan cry.
 And thai tuk thaim in thair mercy,
 And has thaim up sa clenly tane,
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.

410

415

The Erle off thaim gatt witting
 That off thair oft, in the ewynnyng,
 Wald cum out at the wodds fid,
 And agaynys thair wictaill rid:
 He thought than on a juperty,
 And gert hys mengye halely
 Dycht thaim in the prisionours aray:
 Thair penownys als with thaim tuk thai.
 And quhill the nycht wes ner thai bad,
 And syne towart the oft thai raid.
 Sum off thair mekill oft has sene
 Thair come; and wend thai had bene
 Thair wictalours. Tharfor thai raid
 Agaynes thaim, scalyt, for thai had
 Na dred that thai thair fayis war;
 And thaim hungryt als weill far.
 Tharfor thai come abandounly.
 And quhen thai wer ner, in gret hy

420

425

430

The Erle, and all that with hym war, 435
 Ruschyt on thaim with wapnys bar;
 And thair ensenyeis hey gan cry.
 Than thai, that saw swa fedanly
 Thair fayis ding on thaim, war sa rad,
 That thai na hart to help thaim had. 440
 Bot to the oft thair way gan ta;
 And thai chassyt, and swa fele gan fla,
 That all the feldys strowyt war.
 Ma than a thowsand ded war thar.
 Rycht till thair oft thai gan thaim chafs;
 And syne agayne thair wayis tais. 445

In this wyfs wes the wiçtall tane;
 And off the *Irche men* mony flane.
 The Erle syne, with hys cumpany,
 Presoners and wiçtallers halily, 450
 Thai broucht till Schyr EDUARD all swyth;
 And he wes off thair cummyn blyth.
 That nycht thai maid thaim mery cher;
 For rycht all at thair eyfs thai wer:
 Thai war ay walkyt sykyrly. 455
 And thair fayis, on the tothyr party,
 Quhen thai hard how thair men war slayne,
 And how thair wiçtal als wes tane,
 Thai tuk to consaill that thai wald
 Thair way towart *Coigners* hald; 460
 And herbery in the cité ta.
 And then in gret hy thai haff don sua;

And

435 And raid be nycht to the cité.

Thai fand thair off wictaill gret plenté;

And maid thaim rycht mery cher,

465

For all traist in the toun thai wer.

440 Apon the morn thai fend to spy

Quhar *Scotts men* had tane herbery.

Bot thai with all als tane,

And broucht rycht till the oft ilkane.

470

The Erle off MURREFF rycht mekly

445 Speryt at ane of thair cumpany,

Quhar thair oft wes; and quhat thai thought

To do? And said hym, giff he moucht

Fynd that to hym the suth said he,

475

He suld gang hame but ranfoum fre.

He said, "Forfuth I fall yow say,

450 "Thai thynk to morne, quhen it is day,

"To sek yow, with all thair mengye,

"Giff thai may get wit quhar ye be.

480

"Thai haff gert throw the countré cry,

"Off payne off lyff, full fellounly,

455 "That all the men off this countré

"To nycht into the cyté be.

"And trewly thai fall be sa fele

485

"That ye fall na wyfs with thaim dele."

'Depardew,' said he, 'weill may be!'

460 To Schyr EDUARD, with that, yeid he;

And tauld hym utrely this tale.

Than haff thai tane for cunsaill hale

490

And

That thai wald rid to the cyté
 That ilk nycht, swa that thai mycht be
 Betwix the toun with all thair rout,
 And thaim that war to cum without.

As thai dewysyt thai haff done ; 495
 Befor the toune thai come alsone :
 And bot halfindall a myle off way
 Fra the cité, a rest tuk thai.
 And quhen the day wes dawyn lycht,
 Fyfty on hobynys, that war wycht, 500
 Come to a litill hill, that was
 Bot fra the toun a litill space.
 And saw Schyr EDUARD's herbery ;
 And off the fycht had gret ferly :
 That swa quhone durst on ony wifs 505
 Undretak fa hey enprys,
 As for to cum fa hardely
 Apon all the chewalry
 Off *Irland*, for to bid bataill.
 And swa it wes withowtyn fail. 510
 For agayne thaim war gadryt thar,
 With the wardane RICHARD off CLAR,
 The BUTLER ; and Erls twa,
 Off DESMOWND, and KILDAR, war thai ;
 BRYNNAME, WEDOUN, and FYZE WARYNE ;
 And Schyr PASCHALL off FLORENTYNE, 516
 That wes a knycht off *Loumbardy*,
 And wes full off chewalry.

The

The MAWNDWEILLS war thar alsua;

BESITTS; LOGANYS; and othyr ma: 520

SAWAGES als; and yheit wes ane

Hat Schyr NYCHOLL off KYLKENANE.

And with thir lords sa fele wes then,

495 That, for ane off the *Scotts men*,

I trow that thai war fyve, or ma. 525

Quhen thair discourouris feyne had sua

The *Scotts* oft, thai went in hy

And tauld thair lords opynly,

500 How thai to thaim wer cummyn ner;

To sek thaim fer wes na myfter. 530

And quhen the Erle THOMAS had sene

That thaise men at the hill had bene,

505 He tuk with hym a gret mengye,

On horsis ane hundre thai mycht be,

And to the hill thai tuk thair way; 535

And in a flak thaim enbuschyt thai.

And, in schort tyme, fra the cité

510 Thai saw cumand rydand a mengye

For to discurr to the hill.

Than war thai blyth, and held thaim still, 540

Quhill thai wer cummyn till thaim ner.

Than in a frusche, all that thai wer,

Thai schot apon thaim hardely.

516 And thai that saw sa sedanly

That folk cum on, abaysit war. 545

And not forthy sum off thaim nar

Abad

The

Abad stoutly to ma debate :
And othyr sum ar fled thair gate.
And into wele schort tyme war tha,
That maid a rest, contreryit sua,
That thai fled halyly thair gat.
And thai thaim chassyt rycht to the yat ;
And a gret part off thaim hes slayn ;
And syne went till thair oft agayn.

550

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



